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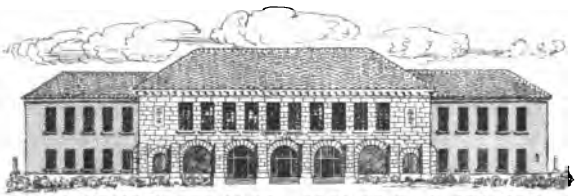
Weaver's Children

Eva Wilkins



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The Arrival at Grandfather's

(See page 54)

The Weaver's Children

A True Story of Pioneering Times

By

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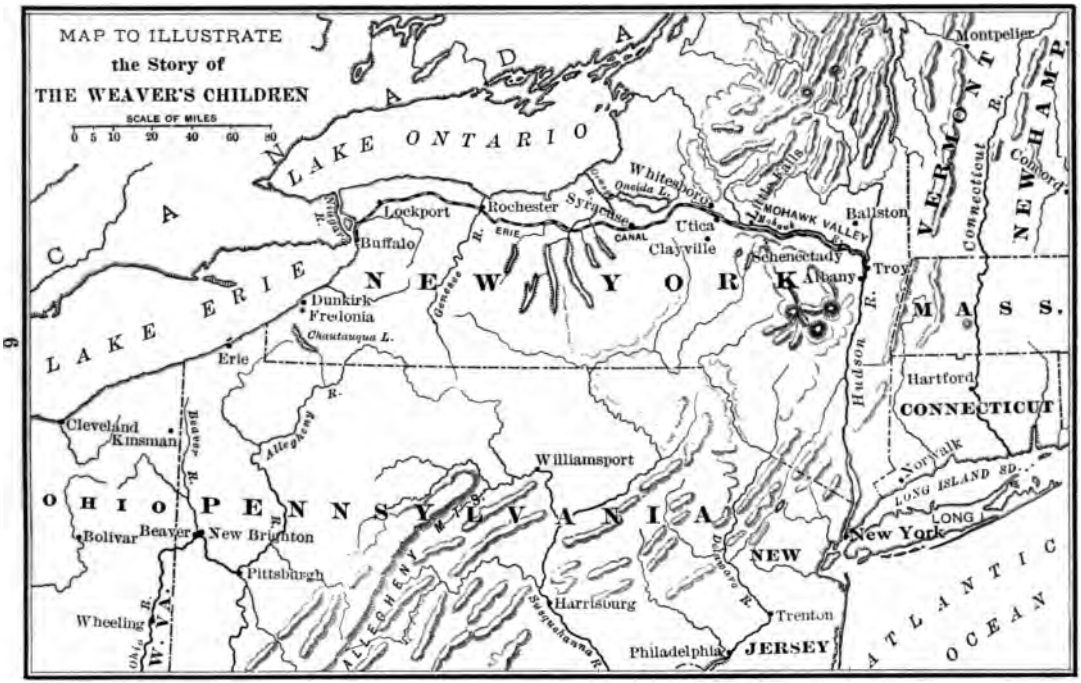
THE WEAVER'S CHILDREN.

W. P. I

To Julia and Lucy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the Story of
THE WEAVER'S CHILDREN
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Montpelier
Concord
Connecticut R.
Whitesboro
Oneida L.
Mohawk R.
Ballston
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Utica
Clayville
Schenectady
Albany
Troy
Hudson R.
Rochester
Syracuse
CANAL
ERIE
Lockport
Niagara R.
Buffalo
Genesee R.
Dunkirk
Fredonia
Chautauqua L.
Erie
Allegheny R.
Cleveland
Kinsman
Beaver R.
Bolivar
Beaver
New Brighton
Pittsburgh
Wheeling
Ohio R.
Williamsport
ALLEGHENY MTS.
Susquehanna R.
Harrisburg
Delaware R.
Trenton
Philadelphia
Hartford
Norwalk
LONG ISLAND SD.
LONG
New York

Preface

To be read last

THE children of Lucy had two childhoods, their own, commonplace and mixed as to joys and bruises, and another, Lucy's, unusual and altogether delightful. Lucy was a mother who entertained her children quite as though they had been invited to her house, and best of all this entertaining were the stories told about the good times that she and her sister Julia had when they were little girls.

After a time Lucy's children could look back on the more interesting childhood and see that it related to many things and it became easy to weave a story. That the story might be as nearly true as possible, a number of people have given their help. The assistant in the manuscript department of the Wisconsin Historical Library furnished copies of road and canal maps. The librarian of the Utica, New York, public

library furnished proof that Henry Clay did visit Clayville. The "History of the Town of Paris, New York, and the Valley of the Sanquoit," by Henry Rogers, tells of several things that Lucy had forgotten. The Historical Committee of the D. R. Barker Library, Fredonia, New York, permitted files of the *Fredonia Censor* to be consulted, and these files showed just cause why the select school for girls and little boys left the quiet pursuit of knowledge and entered the arena of political strife. The story of the elephant and the account of the felt making are confirmed by a venerable citizen, Mr. Fitch Taylor, of Danbury, Connecticut.

To all these people, the present weaver, who has merely watched the loom to see if the woof furnished slipped properly into the warp of the times, is most grateful.

E. W.

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA.

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The Weaver's Children

Ambitions

MANY years ago a little woolen mill stood in a ravine just out of the village of Ballston, New York. The little mill filled the space between a rushing stream and a narrow road. On the other side of the road stood the mill owner's stone cottage. It nestled close against the steep slope, which in summer was a wall of green, but which on a certain chilly afternoon of February, 1832, showed only a straggling array of bare trees

The Weaver's Cottage

standing deep in melting snow. The road was rutted with the passing of heavy wagons, and the snow was mingled with the mud all about the door of the mill.

All day the mill had been shut down in order that some new machinery might be placed. The young mill owner was directing his men with as few words as possible. The men in the mill said little as they worked; but outside the door, or walking along the road toward the village, some of the neighbors were speaking their thoughts quite freely.

"Jennings is making a mistake in getting in all this new machinery," said a discouraged-looking elderly man to a companion as they paused in the road and looked back at the mill. "Yes, a mistake. Our finer cloths must still be made in England."

"No, sir," replied his companion, a young man who worked in the mill. "We should manufacture the finest here, and we can."

"Don't be too sure of it, young man. But then you are only quoting Jennings."

"Quoting Jennings! It can't be done; he never talks," laughed the young mill hand.

"A good thing in mill men," said the older man testily; "but let us get out of this chilly place."

"And nearer supper," added the other pleasantly.

They were soon overtaken by the men who had been working at the mill and all walked silently onward toward their homes.

The day was ended, and ravine and road seemed quite deserted. The mill owner, standing in the door, saw the night-watch coming over the hill. The night-watch was a little man, and he walked very briskly, keeping his cold hands well down in his trousers pockets.

"Wipe up the oil carefully, John," said Mr. Jennings, as the little man passed him at the door and entered the mill. "I saw none of the men smoking inside, but pipes will get in. Don't take any chances of fire, for there is going to be a high wind. Close up; I am not coming back."

The mill owner hesitated a moment before crossing the road to the cottage. He heard the key turn in the lock behind him, and the watchman's retreating steps, and then nothing but

the muffled roar of the little stream as it rushed along beneath the mass of melting ice that clogged its channel. A heavy sadness crept over him.

"Perhaps I am a fool as they say," he thought. "Perhaps I ought not to try to make fine cloths while so heavy a debt is on the mill. Still, a man who knows his business from sheep's back to cloth — and broadcloth equal to the English, it shall be some day — is bound to succeed in the end. Nonsense!" The strong man made a brave jump across the slushy road where the water was beginning to freeze a little, and opened the gate that stood before the cottage door.

Just then a light shone cheerily out from an upper window, and care took to itself wings. The mill owner stamped off the mud and snow from his boots and entered the cottage. All misgivings were banished from his mind.

Misfortunes

At midnight, Harriet, the wife of the mill owner, sat by the cottage window looking out upon a sight that turned her heart sick. The mill was on fire.

The Burning Mill

The wife, who was weak from a recent illness, held her hands firmly on the arms of her chair, only now and then reaching out to touch the window panes that were growing

hot. She turned her face away when her husband appeared for a moment in the smoke, directing or restraining his brave neighbors, and carrying burdens no other man could carry. His hands were bleeding, his head was bare, his coat was torn. He had been the first to break the ice on the stream, and start the line of men with water buckets that carried so pitifully little into the burning building.

The colored nurse, Bettie, held the sleeping baby in her arms. She turned anxious eyes toward Julia's tiny bed; for when the wind, which blew away from the cottage, lulled a little, and the hoarse shouts of the men sounded loud and terrible, she feared that the child would waken. But the little one slept quietly.

"Bettie, isn't that the watchman sitting close to the fence holding his head? Was he asleep when the fire broke out? Could he have been!"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Jennings. I asked about him at the door. He fell, poor man, and didn't know nothing, and when he did ring the bell it was too late. He's just all black over one eye."

"Oh, he will take cold, sitting there in the snow, — but see!"

At that moment flames broke out from the drying room, and the watcher at the window knew that nothing could save the mill. A little sound of distress caught Bettie's ear.

Bettie rose quickly, and, clasping the baby in the curve of her strong, right arm, with her left hand drew the curtain. "You ain't doin' no good lookin' out there. Just see little Lucy," she said, as she placed the baby in its mother's arms. The mother hugged it close and made no further sound of distress.

Toward morning her husband came in. His face was haggard, and he turned an anxious look toward his wife.

"You had better get a little sleep, Harvey," said his wife in quiet tones. "You will feel better after you have rested a while."

A relieved look came over the man's face. He passed, without speaking, into the next room, and dropped heavily across the bed without removing even his wet, scorched boots.

Plans for the Future

DAYS passed. Baby Lucy slept and grew, and waked and laughed, and lively little Julia ran about and believed that mother Harriet was having as fine a time as she. Mr. Jennings was away most of the time, coming home too late for the after-supper romp.

There was danger that Lucy might forget the joy of being tossed up to the ceiling. She might even have a fright if Julia should be carried off on the shoulder of a wild horse which did not mind having her hold on by his thick, flaxen mane.

Mr. Jennings was closing up his business and arranging for the future payments of his debts. He was also looking about for an opening as superintendent of a woolen mill, or for a position which brought even better wages — that of an organizer of new mills.

One evening, a few weeks after the fire, he came home earlier than usual. From his manner his wife was quite sure that he had made some new plans for the future. After the children were asleep she questioned him.

"Harvey, I know that you mean to pay that debt. That is right, but will it take all that we can ever get?"

"No, not even all that I can earn, but all that we can spare for a long time to come. To-morrow, I shall go to start a new mill near Schenectady. That is not so very far away. You and the children will stay here until my work takes me farther. Bettie will stay with you; still it will be hard."

"You will come home often," said the wife; and then, knowing that her husband had little patience if questioned over much, turned the talk to other matters.

Mr. Jennings found plenty of work at no great distance from Ballston, and until Julia was almost old enough to go to school they lived on in the little stone cottage in the pretty ravine.

Black and White

BETTIE, who had been a slave in Vermont, lived with them, much loved by the two children, yes, by three children, for cousin Sarah, a frail little creature, in age just between Julia and Lucy, was with them. She had been left motherless, and Mrs. Jennings, in the goodness of her heart, had given the little girl a home. Faithful Bettie was all kindness to the newcomer when she arrived, and the two

The Scrubbing

good women gave Sarah such excellent care that she was soon quite strong and well again. The three little girls had very happy times together.

One day Julia said she was sure that if Bettie would use soap enough, and scrub her face very hard, she would be made white.

"Bettie, let me try for you," Julia insisted as Bettie's own efforts produced no effect. So Bettie, shaking all over with laughter, sat down to be scrubbed white. Lucy and Sarah stood close by, their faces solemn and anxious. At last they were almost in tears, with such vigor did Julia scrub.

"It hurts her!" they cried.

"It does not; she is laughing;" and Julia scrubbed on until it was a wonder that Bettie had any skin left on her face.

At last, tired out, Julia gave up her task. The children looked at Bettie with much sympathy all that day, and for many days; but her face remained black.

When Sarah had gotten quite well, her father came and took her away. He never forgot the kindness shown his little girl, and, in time of

need, uncle Fitch Taylor was sure to appear, as you will see.

As for little Sarah, we shall meet her again in our story.

Not long after Sarah's return to her father, the first moving came. To the children's sorrow, Bettie could not go with them. She thought that she was too old for so long a journey and so stayed behind with friends.

This moving was to Connecticut, where Mr. Jennings was to take charge of a felt factory. After this, the family never stayed long in one place, and Julia, the gay, dark-haired little girl, and sober blue-eyed Lucy, traveled about and had some wonderfully good times — perhaps better times than they could have had if the little mill had not burned — but they were almost old enough to wear long dresses before the very last penny of the debt was paid.

First Days at Norwalk

THE new home at Norwalk, Connecticut, was not a pretty cottage. It was a large, square, white house which had once been a tavern. It had great staring windows with no blinds, but from these windows very many interesting things were sometimes seen.

"Come in, little girls"

Over the way was the Lounsbury home, where two beautiful young ladies lived. Early one evening, soon after the children had moved into the tavern house, the softest, sweetest music came floating from the

Lounsbury windows. Hand in hand, Julia and Lucy crossed the road, and Lucy, forgetting to be timid, began leading her sister up the stone walk. Close under the open windows they ventured, and the next moment a lovely face, framed in dark hair, appeared.

"Come in, little girls, and sister will play for you," said the young lady holding back the heavy curtains.

Quite dumb with delight the children moved toward the front door. The young lady who had spoken to them, Miss Caroline, met them at the door, and led them into the parlor where Miss Sarah was seated at a piano. The children had heard something about pianos, but they had never seen one before.

Miss Sarah was even more lovely than her sister, the children thought, because of the fair curls lying on her bare, white shoulders. She played for them lightly and softly. The piano was a Broadwood from London. It stood on four slender legs, and was bright with gildings. At one end of it were drawers for music.

After this evening the children heard Miss Sarah play many times, and always Lucy

thought, "Oh, to do that! It is better than to have all the pretty things in the world; but I never, never shall."

"Still, if we ever have a piano I shall want to know how to play a little, so I will think music and play on the sewing table," was the thought that came to her at hopeful times.

Julia began going to school in Norwalk, and Lucy learned to read at home. And it was now that both of them had their first experience in playing with a boy — one has to get used to that to enjoy it.

A Boy's Way

THEIR cousin, Adolphus Bishop, "Dol" they always called him, was about Julia's age, and he often came to play with them. He would tease the kitten, and once — only once — he swung it by the tail. After that the kitten knew him and he knew the kitten. Dol always stopped teasing poor pussy when Lucy really cried.

"The kitten knew him"

Dol made fun of the girls' short hair. "Like a boy's," he said.

"If father would only not make us have 'shingled' heads. Just cut square would be

bad enough when the other girls have curls and braids," Julia would say to her mother.

"He thinks if it is shingled now you will have fine hair when you are young ladies," the mother would say to comfort them. But she comforted very little, for being young ladies was many, many years away.

One day when Dol came in, he hid something behind the front door, and would not let his cousins go near that part of the hall. He sat around and would not play. He did not even notice the kitten. He sat so still that the girls, busy with their dolls, forgot that he was in the room, and did not notice when he quietly slipped away.

Suddenly Julia exclaimed, "Dol has gone away without teasing the cat. Let's see if he took that something from behind the hall door."

There was nothing behind the hall door. The little girls looked out into the street, and saw their cousin walking away with an object which they guessed to be a fat, brown puppy held close against his breast. They put shawls over their heads and quickly followed.

The boy walked more and more slowly, his head bent over the brown object. He followed along the path toward the mill and soon reached the narrow footbridge over the race which was deep and swift. On the bridge Dol knelt down with his back to his cousins, who stood still, gazing at him. The boy held his burden low over the stream.

"His quart bag of marbles!" whispered Julia, excitedly. "He won them playing 'keeps.' Oh! will he ——"

The boy on the bridge drew back the bag, and again held it tight to his breast. He waited a moment or two, and then held the precious marbles over the water.

Chug! went the bag into the water, and the boy laid himself face down on the bridge. His cousins ran quickly away, making no noise. They were perfectly breathless when they reached home.

"Why did he — why did he do that, Julia?" gasped Lucy. "Such pretty marbles!"

"His mother told him that he ought never to play for 'keeps,' and that it was wrong to care so much for his marbles. I heard her,

but he did not act as though he cared for what she said."

"Do boys give up what they like so much?" asked Lucy, with a serious face.

"Well, Dol has done so, anyway," said Julia, guardedly.

"He is certainly a good boy, Julia. Do you think he knows that he hurts the kitten?"

"Yes, he knows it, but perhaps if we did not squeal he would not tease it."

"Then let's not squeal, and see."

Life was much more comfortable for the kitten after that.

A Winter Circus

"Dear little Lucy: — I have heard about your sprained ankle, and have seen you sitting patiently at the window, and I am so sorry for you.

"But something is going to happen that will please you very much. A great circus is coming to town and it will winter in the vacant lot next to your house. You and Julia are to be admitted at any time to see the animals, and sometimes to the training tent. There will be much to see from your window, but you must hurry — by being very quiet — and get well, that you may see everything.

"Yours with love and sympathy,

"Sarah Lounsbury."

The reading of this note occupied Lucy for a long time, and then furnished something to think about, and to talk about for days and days until the circus really did come to town.

The rolling of heavy wagons began late one evening, and when the little girls waked in the

morning, two large tents had sprung up like mushrooms. All the forenoon, great red cage-wagons were driven to the circus grounds, and strange, dusky forms could be seen behind the bars when a side of each wagon was let down and the animals given a sun bath before they were quartered within the great tent. Later, however, houses were built for all but the animals from cold countries.

Lucy scarcely thought of her ankle all that forenoon; and at dinner Julia reported, "No one in school had a perfect lesson, and the room looked as it did when the measles were around."

That night a great roar startled the children out of sleep and they hugged each other close.

"That must have been the lion. Let's not call any one, though," whispered Julia.

"No, not unless it comes nearer, and nearer. I go bump inside — you do, too," Lucy faintly returned.

The lion did not roar again. The growls from the other animals already seemed of small account to the children, and they soon fell asleep again.

Seeing the Animals

In the morning the children were wakened by a bumping sound that was not made inside of them, and their mother was saying cheerily, "This is how Lucy goes to the circus." Then she bumped the carpet with two pretty crutches made of straw-colored wood and padded with soft blue plush.

The Monkey Cage

Julia jumped out of bed, and in a trice was flying up and down the hall on the crutches. Her nightgown was inflated, and she shouted at the bedroom door:

"It's easy, easy, Lucy, and we shall see the circus this day."

Well, it was not quite so easy when one's ankle is hurt; but by afternoon Lucy said, "I think I may dare go over and see the *little* animals to-day."

"Snakes are little around," said Julia. Then, repenting so horrid a suggestion, she added, "but you mean the monkeys, of course, and we will take them some cookies. Their house is near our yard."

Julia had managed during the forenoon to loosen two pickets of the fence which separated the home yard from the circus grounds so that the pickets swung free at the bottom, and through the "secret door" thus made the children squeezed themselves, Julia going bravely ahead.

"All right," said the man at the door of the little house where the monkey's cages had been carried for the winter, "but do not go too near Captain Bill. He's chained at the end of the room."

This warning was hardly needed, for the captain looked sullen and ugly enough. In

four cages near the door were four mother monkeys, and as the children entered, four babies flew into motherly arms, and the old monkeys glared and chattered. This was not pleasant.

"Try your cookies on them," suggested the keeper.

Horrible! Three mothers were furious as Julia threw a piece of cooky into the nearest cage, and long jealous fingers were thrust through iron bars.

And those mothers never learned that their visitors would divide the gifts fairly, but after a time, when the children came to visit them they did push their babies away, seeming to say to them, "You silly things to be afraid! It is nobody but Julia and Lucy!"

The little monkeys had each to be named. Bob was the littlest and cutest of them all, and as saucy and disobedient as possible, but his sad fate quite broke his mother's heart, and caused the children to shed many tears.

One very cold day, later in the season, as the sisters were nearing the house where the monkeys were kept, a tiny form scudded by them.

The keeper, calling for help, came running out of the door. Baby Bob had slipped out of the cage when food was being put in, and his mother's attention was for the moment distracted.

The little creature led a dozen men a lively chase, and finally looked down at them from a slender branch high up in a great elm tree. They called and offered the most tempting morsels to the little monkey, but he merely turned his head with a saucy air and sat still. At last his mother was brought out to call him. The keeper would not let her loose to go to him, and in her distress she seemed like a human mother. But alas! her calling was in vain, and soon little Bob was too cold to heed had he been so minded. The keeper finally carried her away that she might not see little Bob drop down, frozen to death.

Julia and Lucy ran home in tears. They were told that the baby clung to the branch an hour longer in the biting air.

The Showman's Boys

On the way home after the first visit to the monkeys the girls met Miss Caroline and two wonderful little boys, who were dressed in velvet suits richly embroidered. Miss Caroline introduced the boys, who took off their velvet caps, and bowed low like princes in a story, and then she left the children to get acquainted in their own way.

On the Kitchen Roof

Robert and Carl Bacon were just of the ages of Julia and Lucy, and the girls were soon informed that besides learning lessons like other children Robert, and Carl trained

every day in the inner tent where visitors were admitted only when the animals were doing well, and never when people were training.

Robert was pale and quiet, but Carl, the younger boy, was rosy and jolly. He soon borrowed Lucy's crutches to show that one might go very well upside down on them.

"Isn't it fun to train?" Julia asked, as Carl with a bow returned the crutches to Lucy.

At this both boys looked sober, and then Carl screwed up his face and wiped imaginary tears from his eyes. "When we do like this, or are afraid to try some trick, we have to stay in our rooms, and get no supper," he said.

Before the afternoon was over Carl had arranged that, when he waved his hand to the girls after training, it was to mean, "our own rooms, and no supper." Then they were to come over into the Bacon yard, and Carl was to come out upon the kitchen roof and talk with them.

Some three days after this arrangement had been made the signal was given.

"Do you see me eat!" Carl called from the roof as the girls appeared in the yard soon

after eating their own supper. "I have jam, — berry jam, on thin bread," and he pretended to eat with fine gusto.

The visitors wondered how Carl could be so gay under such privations. They began planning some way to help him, when, at a warning word from Robert, he quickly climbed back into his room. A moment later Mrs. Bacon, with a wonderful piece of blue-and-silver embroidery in her hand, came and looked out of the window. Some one within lighted a candle, and the retreating relief party was hidden in the darkness.

It came about that Carl's lot on no-supper days was not so hard after all, for Kate, the housemaid, became skilled in throwing cookies upon the kitchen roof. But this kindness helped no one but Carl. When Robert did not do well in his training he would come to the window and shake his head. Then he would return to his place and would eat nothing that the maid tossed up for him.

"Do you know that Mrs. Bacon trains on horses, in the tent?" said Kate one evening. The girls were on their way home after cheering

Carl with a fairy story told by each in turn from the woodpile.

"Of course, she does not. Mothers do not do such things," said Julia with dignity.

"We'll see," said Kate, somewhat ruffled at Julia's superior manner.

Later Julia did see.

The Jackson Lion

ONE Saturday morning Julia announced to her parents that she and Lucy had decided not to visit the menagerie at all that day. A little questioning brought out the fact that a wolf had escaped the day before, and the children were afraid to venture out.

On the Gateposts

"The safest place, then, is the menagerie so far as that wolf is concerned," said their father. "He must be miles away."

The wisdom of this remark struck the children, and they looked at each other shamefaced, for the possibility of the wolf squeezing himself close to the wall under their bed had been con-

sidered in the night when they thought they heard something.[1]

"Besides," continued their father, "the great lion is to be moved to-day. It is too cold for him in his present quarters; his Highness is to have apartments over the blacksmith's shop. You'd better not go to the grounds while the men are getting his cage on the wagon."

Well might Mr. Jennings say "His Highness," for the crowning glory of the menagerie was a magnificent lion, a gift from the Emperor of Morocco to General Jackson, then president of the United States. As our president is not permitted to receive presents, the lion, and two Arabian horses, sent over at the same time, were sold. The lion was bought by the circus company.

The fact that the Jackson lion was to be moved was kept as quiet as possible so that only chance passers-by should witness the royal progress.

"Something might happen; let's sit on the gateposts."

[1] Days after the starving wolf was captured in a deep wood. He bit the hand of the keeper who tried to feed him.

This suggestion of Julia's seemed so wise that there was an intensely interested little girl on either post when the wagon loaded with the strong cage was driven from the circus grounds.

The road was rough and the wind raw and chilling, and the lion was in an unpleasant humor. He roared a roar that startled even the four great dray horses belonging to the circus. Promptly the horses were unhitched, and after some delay two yoke of oxen were attached to the great wagon.

These patient creatures pulled strongly forward, but when that fearful roar was repeated the oxen, with widely waving horns, stampeded and ran wildly down the street. The great cage rocked to and fro, and then the children, leaning forward on their posts, saw it slip from the wagon and land on its side in the ditch.

"Not on the top or he would have been out," a circus man said in low excited tones.

"He would be out now, if he knew his strength," answered his companion; and at this the little girls slipped from their posts and most promptly sought safety in the house.

A moment later, cousin Dol burst into the room looking a little pale, but shouting bravely, "Oh, what are you girls 'fraid of, anyway?"

"We were not much afraid. We see him every day," said Julia, and Dol felt her advantage. "Boys not allowed," was a rule strictly enforced on the circus grounds, and here were two girls who saw the lion every day.

However, the great lion was not made aware of his strength, and soon the intense cold made him stupid. Some other oxen were procured and these were not greeted with a roar. The children, watching from the window, saw the cage loaded on the wagon again. Then, as nothing serious happened, they ventured out to the gate, and from that safe view point saw that the rest of the journey was accomplished in safety.

The Grand Free Entertainment

THE elephant could be approached only when taking his sun bath in the yard, and then his acquaintance was made with much caution.

High up in the Center Seats

"If you will be sure to ask the keeper what the elephant likes, you may feed him," the little

neighbors were told, when they first visited the menagerie.

It was some time, however, before even Julia ventured to put an apple into the great rubbery trunk, and watch the elephant put it into his frightful mouth in his backhanded sort of way.

A curious story is told of this elephant. Nearly fifteen years after the wintering at Norwalk the circus and menagerie were passing by the old quarters, which were then used as a cow pasture. No stop was to be made, but the elephant, remembering his six months of rest and good living, suddenly bolted, and, sending fence rails flying in all directions, he burst into the pasture. Once inside of the inclosure, he became quiet. Then he walked slowly around, waving his trunk in a restful manner, as though he was enjoying his home-coming very much.

The cows in the pasture were frantic with fear. They bellowed like wild beasts, and, on the approach of the happy elephant, they attempted impossible feats of fence jumping. It was only after a long time and much prodding, that the elephant could be induced to

leave the pleasant pasture and resume his march along the dusty road.

The winter, so full of wonderful experiences for the little girls, came, by and by, to an end — a glorious end. The highly trained men, horses, and monkeys were ready to entertain the whole United States. The animals had, with the coming of mild weather and an increase of rations, become sleek and greatly improved in temper.

One May morning a grand free entertainment was given to open the circus season. Lucy hesitated about going over to the tent with no one but Julia and cousin Dol. She was timid, for she was not allowed to use crutches any more, lest her ankle should never grow strong.

"Now, Lucy, you must start this very minute," said Julia, excitedly. "People and people are coming, and we are to have seats opposite the grand entrance!"

"Well, I suppose — but what if something should run over me!"

"Nonsense, take her other hand, Dol."

Thus protected, Lucy descended the steps,

and in two minutes the children were seated high up in the center seats watching the assembling of the great crowd.

The grand free entertainment was attended by every able-bodied man, woman, and child for miles around; and the happiest of all in that great crowd were Julia and Lucy. All the wonderful feats were performed without a mistake, and Dol was very proud to have cousins who knew every horse by name. In the finest part of the entertainment Mrs. Bacon burst into the ring. She was poised on two horses which galloped at full speed. She looked very beautiful, dressed in orange satin with spangles all over her.

"So mothers do ride circus horses!" gasped Julia, recalling what the maid had said.

A moment later Robert and Carl came out, jumping and rolling around the ring like little India rubber fairies. Faithful Robert and sunny Carl! They were brave little gentlemen both!

"How wonderful they all are, and we know them!" thought the two proud little girls. All too soon the last feat was done, the last bow was made, and the long winter circus was at an end.

Last Days at Norwalk

THE machinery for making felt invented by the Norwalk factory owners crossed the wool fibers at right angles, which made a much stronger fabric than was made by the old process. The felt was often printed in beautiful patterns by large hand type, and it was thought that this sort of felt could be used for carpets and that there would be a great sale for it in the West.

Dol meditating

Therefore, it was arranged by the company by which Mr. Jennings was employed, that he should start a similar factory for making felt in New Brighton, in western Pennsylvania.

In those days it was wiser and more profitable to establish a factory on a waterway in the region to be supplied than to transport goods thither.

It was therefore decided to give up the pleasant home at Norwalk and seek a new one in a strange and far-distant land.

To the children it seemed very joyous that another journey was to be taken.

"We shall go as far as grandfather's in boats, four kinds. One will be on Lake Erie. Cousin Sarah is at grandfather's; we knew her when we were small. We shall visit there until father gets us a house, and builds a factory where there are mountains," Julia explained to the young ladies over the way, when she and Lucy made their farewell call.

The young ladies were most kindly interested in all this, and Miss Sarah, for the last time, played for the children, and played on after the good-bys were said, so that the children might hear the music all the way home.

The day before the household goods were sold, cousin Dol was invited to tea. He stayed to talk until it was quite dark, and it was

planned that he should some day go and visit his cousins in their western home.

"Yes, it will be handy to have a place to rest when I come in from hunting," said Dol, hugging his knees meditatively.

After this, some confused days of visiting followed; and when cousin Dol stood on the pier at Norwalk, waving good-bys with other friends and relatives, it seemed very clear to his cousins that it would be pleasant after all to have a brother something like — yes, just like Dol.

Journeying Westward

TRAVELERS often made the journey to western New York simply for pleasure. It occupied hardly two weeks, and since every possible comfort was provided, it was usually a delightful experience. Our party went to New York by the Long Island Sound boat. After crossing the city, a Hudson River boat was taken to Albany. Then a week of calm progress on the Erie Canal brought them to Buffalo. Journeying on the "fourth kind of boat," some forty miles on Lake Erie to Dunkirk, is sometimes anything but calm; but on this occasion the uncertain lake was a great pearl-colored pond, and Dunkirk was reached without accident or discomfort.

During the journey the children had talked much of cousin Sarah, dimly remembering her as a very small child; and when on landing at the Dunkirk pier they saw a long three-seated wagon awaiting them, and their Uncle Fitch

holding the horses' heads, they were much disappointed that no little Sarah was there.

"She is waiting for you at grandfather's," their uncle said after they were all in the wagon and bowling over the smooth road toward Fredonia.

When this pretty village was reached, uncle pointed to the common, saying, "Here, in eighteen hundred and twenty-five, Lafayette was given a grand reception. He was making a tour of the country. We had expected him in the morning, but his carriage broke down and it was near midnight when he reached here. The common was lighted with natural gas. That pleased the old man — he'd heard about it. This is the only town in the world which is lighted with natural gas. Did you children know that?"

Lucy had heard about the gas. "But who is Lafayette?" she whispered to her sister.

"Who *was* Lafayette? Don't you know his blue landing in New York is on the large platter of our Lafayette set of dishes? You ought to remember things," the elder sister replied.

Lucy felt much humbled after this "blue

landing" explanation, and sat silently considering it while the horses clattered over a bridge spanning a swift stream and began the ascent of a long steep hill.

At the top of the hill, a large square house belonging to Squire Houghton was passed. Then, on the farther side of a grassy common, they saw a low, dull-yellow house standing against a mass of plum blossoms. In front were two great locust trees with the lowest branches stretching far above house and plum blossoms. Grandfather, grandmother, and little Sarah were waiting under the great trees.

Grandfather and grandmother Taylor greeted son and daughter, and gave Julia and Lucy delighted hugs, grandfather with many cordial words and grandmother with few. Cousin Sarah gave each person a shy kiss and then led her younger guests into the best room. The children felt that the visit had been properly begun.

The Journey is Resumed

In a few days Mr. Jennings went on to New Brighton where he was to establish a factory. The place was but a small village, and he found it so difficult to procure a comfortable house there, that the children enjoyed a whole summer of visiting at grandfather's, and fall had come before their journey could be resumed.

The Start

At length, however, word came that the new home was ready, and Uncle Fitch, ever willing

to help in time of need, made all arrangements for the long wagon trip. Mr. Lucius Tuttle, a friend and neighbor, agreed to go and drive, furnishing the wagon and two strong horses. Grandmother was for days cooking good things "to be eaten on the road where public houses are far apart."

"I do wish grandmother would not say 'public house.' It is so old-fashioned. People who have traveled say 'tavern,'" Julia confided to her sister.

"I've noticed it, and she says 'gown' when she means 'dress.' Such talk is like verses, but it is not like nice people — I mean people who are young, of course," Lucy responded; and both the children resolved never to make use of speech so ungenteel and old-fashioned.

But grandmother, after making all those faithful preparations, was nowhere to be found on that bright Monday morning when the start was made. The children called her, they looked for her in every possible place, but she had disappeared.

"Mother will never say good-by to her kin folks," grandfather explained.

He, himself, was not of such stern stuff. He stood with Sarah on the common and most sorrowfully wiped the tears from his eyes, while the children promised him over and over again that they certainly would come back.

"They'll come again, they surely will," said Sarah, taking her grandfather's hand. When they reached the road and Mr. Tuttle turned the horses' heads westward, Julia and Lucy looked back. Grandfather was waving his hat, and they believed that he was comforted and of cheerful mind again.

Soon the dear old house and the locust trees and the common were out of sight and the young travelers began to observe the interesting arrangements of the wagon. Mr. Tuttle and Uncle Fitch sat on a high seat in front; then came a seat, large and well-padded, with a carriage top above it — most comfortable for Mrs. Jennings and the children. A large space at the back held a white horsehair trunk studded with brass nails, a number of bright carpetbags, and grandmother's good things stored in many baskets.

For two days, while the party kept to the

older stage roads between New York and the West, good time was made, and all went well. The travelers had the most astonishing appetites.

"I do think that these tavern keepers lose money on everything but the wagon — and Mrs. Jennings," Mr. Tuttle remarked at the end of their second dinner.

At evening when the day's travel was over, all were too sleepy to think more than "how clean, how soft they are!" as they dropped deep in feather beds. Then — nothing more until the morning sun made a red line around the thick green-paper shades, and some one pounded on the door calling, "First breakfast!"

The Grand Ball

On the second day the travelers made but slow progress, and it was late in the evening when the village of Kinsman, Ohio, was reached. At the tavern, which was brilliantly lighted, they were obliged to wait several minutes before any one came out to care for the horses; for a grand ball was to be given that night.

"The children felt that they loved her"

"Now we shall find out what sort of party storybook ladies go to," whis-

pered Julia to her sister as they were finishing their supper.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Jennings," said the landlady, coming up to the supper table, "but we have only a small room off the ballroom for you and your daughters. There are two nice, large beds in it, though."

"Then we shall go at once to our room, and perhaps get a little sleep before the ball opens," responded Mrs. Jennings, rising.

The children had had a glimpse of the ballroom wreathed with evergreens and brilliant with flags and candles. They looked at each other longingly, and wished they might stay.

"I am not sleepy and I am not going to bed for hours," whispered Lucy, as they unwillingly followed their mother to the room assigned to them.

"Let's just not go to bed," said Julia, holding her sister back as they reached the door. "I don't care what happens after the ball is over, do you?"

The roll of wheels and merry voices sounded without, and violins began tuning up at this most critical juncture.

"Let me give you all seats in the ballroom," said the landlady, passing the children with a comprehending smile and stepping to the bedroom door. "Would you like to look on?"

"Thank you, perhaps we might just as well. Come in, children, and let me arrange your clothes and hair," said Mrs. Jennings, resignedly.

While the children were being made presentable, other merry loads drove up to the tavern, and the violins "kept talking, to get a start together," as Lucy said.

When the children reached their appointed seats in the ballroom, "the first set was already forming," for so the landlady designated the moving about of solemn youths who stiffly presented their arms to smiling maidens.

Then the violins spoke together in long, sweet tones, and all the room bowed and bowed again. The violins took up a lively melody, and lightly moved the youths and maidens, weaving in and out, clasping hands, meeting, parting, meeting again to smile and bow.

The children were pleased beyond measure.

"Yes, yes," Julia whispered rapturously to

Lucy, "this is just like the things we read of in the storybooks."

Presently a sweet-faced girl with red berries in her hair smiled down on the children as she came near, and, when the violins in long tones told people to rest for a while, this lovely creature sat down by them. She hugged Lucy lovingly and patted her plump arms, and talked to Julia about their journey. The children felt that they loved her. All too soon a youth came up and reminded the maiden of some promise she had made him, and so, bowing to Mrs. Jennings and smiling back at the children, the maiden moved away with the youth. She joined a long line of maidens who were facing as many youths, and all again began moving to the gayest music.

And so it went on until the children were so sleepy that they were led without resistance from the ballroom and were soon tucked into a great soft bed.

Fainter, fainter sounded the violins, until they melted away into silence.

A Night at Farden's

"I WOULD rather mow from sunrise until sunset with a dull scythe than to spend another such night," said Mr. Tuttle when they were well on their way the morning after the ball; and the older people agreed with him, much to the surprise of the children. However, the day did seem long to all of them, but perhaps it was because of the roads, which were wretched.

But little progress was made, and a swamp, which they had hoped to cross early in the day, was not reached until after sunset.

The nearest tavern, said to be most excellent, was on the other side of the swamp four miles away; and only an unpainted, tumbledown house was anywhere near. Mr. Tuttle drew up as they approached this house, and all looked at it with anxious eyes. A lean pig crossed the muddy back yard, and some chickens scuttled into the doorless barn, as the rain was beginning to fall.

"Hello there!" called Uncle Fitch, and the loud bark of a dog answered him. Presently the door, drooping on its hinges, was dragged open, and a tall man came out, kicking the dog back as he shut the door.

"Folks living here?" asked Uncle Fitch. The man came forward and placed himself comfortably against a post — all that remained of some fence of the past. Then he answered sullenly, "This here's Farden's. How do you like it?"

There was a pause. The rain was falling. Night was at hand. Finally Uncle Fitch said, "Can you keep us to-night?"

Without stirring, the man called, "Moll, come out here."

The door opened, and a woman put out a head surrounded by scant locks of uncombed and frowzy hair.

"Keep 'um?" inquired the man, indicating the company with a jerk of his thumb.

"No," answered the woman and banged the door shut.

The man grinned and moved to the porch, as the rain was now coming down more decidedly.

"We cannot cross the swamp before dark," said Mrs. Jennings. "Perhaps your wife may be induced to give us shelter for the night. We can do with but little."

"Moll!" called the man again. Moll did not appear, but he went on, "Can you make a place to-night for some folks that thinks too much of their selves?"

Moll put her head out again. "We haint no victuals for you 'uns. There's one bed; the men can go to the barn," and the woman again banged the door shut.

As there was nothing else to be done, Uncle Fitch indicated to Mr. Tuttle that the party were to spend the night at Farden's.

The children were at once assisted from the wagon and hurried under the leaky roof of the porch. Mr. Farden watched the men unload the wagon in the fast-falling rain, but he offered no assistance. He, however, relieved the children's fears very much by saying, "No use to be scared of the dog;" and, indeed, the dog, after one bark as they came into the house, was almost friendly. Mrs. Farden showed them a little inner room in which there was a narrow

bed with a patchwork quilt pulled over a very full straw tick.

"Aint nothin' more," she said.

"Thank you, we will make it do," said Mrs. Jennings, and while her brother and Mr. Tuttle were attending to the horses in the barn, she put clean napkins on the covers of the baskets and set out a lunch. The girls had a cover together and sat on a large towel spread on the floor.

When the men returned from the barn, Mrs. Jennings handed them out two basket covers spread with a tempting lunch and gladly received the little pail of cold water that Mr. Tuttle brought.

"We have arranged to bring in the buffalo robes and spread them on the floor before your door," said uncle.

"You 'uns needn't be scared of us. We 'uns 'll sleep in the loft," said Mrs. Farden, who had just returned from the barn. And presently she began to carry some bedding up the steep ladder.

Mrs. Jennings said nothing and by a look stopped the "Goody!" that was on Julia's lips.

The men, after eating their basket-cover lunch, were soon asleep before the door of the little room. Mrs. Jennings and the children, removing their shoes and outside garments, lay down, close together, under their traveling shawls. Soon the children were asleep, but the mother lay long awake listening to the heavy fall of the rain.

At the first possible moment in the morning the travelers, without waiting to take even a bite of breakfast, were ready to cross the swamp. Fortunately it had stopped raining. Mr. Farden, having received for their lodging a sum equal to the charges of the best taverns, again leaned against his post.

"Good-by," said Mrs. Jennings; and as Mrs. Farden's head appeared at the door, she repeated her good-by.

Mr. Farden waited a moment and then said, "Good-by," adding with a slanting smile, "You 'uns 'll find the swamp worse than Farden's." [1]

Mrs. Farden said nothing.

[1] Farden is not the real name of these unpleasant people.

Crossing the Swamp

For a few rods the swamp road was not so bad. The rain had pasted the yellow autumn

"Julia sat down suddenly"

leaves to the mud and logs which, half covered with water, lay by the roadside. A turn, and

the road disappeared under a few inches of water, and only a break in the tree growth marked its probable position.

"Twenty miles around, and breakfast four miles ahead," said Uncle Fitch.

"I'm willing to risk it," said Mr. Tuttle. "Get up, Billy! Get up, Whiteface!"

The horses, not understanding about breakfast, made no move. Mr. Tuttle took up the whip. There was a plunge; the black mud dripped from the wagon wheels. A confused moment followed, and Billy came up on a sunken log, his companion floundering beside him. The wagon lurched forward to the level of Billy and just missed an upset.

"All out!" cried Mr. Tuttle, in commanding tones. "Get along somehow until I stop somewhere."

Uncle Fitch landed the children on clumps of grass, and Mrs. Jennings jumped for a log — and jumped almost far enough. Lucy slipped off her clump, and when she was dragged out of the mud her shoes were off. Julia sat down suddenly and rose dripping and weeping. "Oh, I wanted father to see this dress," she wailed.

The mother looked at the dress and laughed, and then they all laughed.

"Now, see here, there's no danger," said Uncle Fitch, after he had landed his three relatives on the log. He stood holding Lucy's dripping shoes and looking around him. "The lay of the land shows that this is about as deep a place as we shall find, but there is a good deal of it. Tuttle hasn't come to anything solid yet."

The plunging of the horses and Mr. Tuttle's voice, now commanding, now soothing, could be heard in the distance, confirming uncle's words. The children were somewhat encouraged, however, being now relieved of the fear that they might disappear altogether in the black mud.

On they went, slipping and slumping. Uncle Fitch stopped now and then to fish out shoes, wash them, and put them on the children's feet again. Four miles, only four miles! It was hardly that; for Mr. Tuttle, having at last reached a better piece of road, waited until the others, dripping with mud, could resume their seats in the wagon.

At mid-afternoon the edge of the swamp was

reached, and not far ahead there was a neat, white tavern. Several persons were standing on the long porch that extended across the front of the house, and when Mr. Tuttle drew up his tired horses before the door, it was quite certain that all the inmates of the tavern had assembled to welcome the travelers.

The landlady hurried forward with concern on her kindly face. "You didn't come across the swamp! No one has come across there for weeks. Anybody but the Fardens would have told you. You poor people, get right out! You don't mind coming into the kitchen until the worst is off, do you? Husband will take care of the horses and the men. There, you little dears! Did I ever see the like!"

At these words of the good lady, the two children, who had been as brave as possible all day, began to cry.

But they did not cry long, for there was the cozy kitchen, and warm water for their chilled feet, and then they were wrapped in warm blankets, and put up to the table to eat warm bread and milk, and potatoes and meat. Tears were quite out of the question.

The landlady would not hear of the travelers' getting out clean clothes.

"No, the others must be washed, for there is a fine drying wind. Keep the pretty clothes for father to see," she said; for, of course, the landlady had possessed herself of much information in regard to her guests while she and her strong, pleasant daughter had been getting so many things done.

While the older people were having dinner served in the dining room, the little girls, shuffling in blankets and grown-up stockings, were led by the pleasant daughter to a room upstairs, where presently she dropped, first Julia and then Lucy, into a great feather bed so skillfully that they never made a dent in it except where they sank almost out of sight.

"Well, you are alive; and I am thankful for that," said the young woman, smiling down on the submerged children.

"And we are thankful that you are alive," replied Julia.

The girl laughed pleasantly, and when she reached the door she threw back a kiss to each of the little maids.

Pleasant Days on the Road

THE children remembered very little about that Friday after the early start. In the chill air of the pale, foggy morning the good people of the tavern stood shivering on the porch to see them off.

"I see a lovely place"

"I expect you men can't come back this way on account of the swamp," said the landlady as the travelers were getting into the wagon; "but Mrs. Jennings is going to write to me, and you can just leave the letter at the crossroads tavern below here."

Mrs. Jennings leaned from the carriage-top seat, saying earnestly, "We shall not forget you, and we hope ——" But she never finished her sentence, for the horses, made restless by the keen air, leaped forward without warning,

and when Mr. Tuttle gained control of them the tavern was not in sight.

On Saturday morning, again, a start was made before sunrise. Better roads were promised, and the party hoped to reach New Brighton before evening. Soon the sun shone clear and warm and Uncle Fitch and Mr. Tuttle felt so jolly that they began to sing. The hills, so ghostly in the early light, soon took on a soft violet color. On the nearer slopes, the dark growth of pine and hemlock was pierced with vivid scarlet and burning yellow. Many ferns, still green, adorned the damp shadowy places which bordered upon the winding, stony road, and autumn leaves of all colors lay heaped in the hollows of the woods.

"It will be dark when we get to New Brighton, and father will think I am Julia and that Julia is a strange big girl," exclaimed Lucy after a long silence; and out went her feet and up went her arms with such vigor that — slip! — she suddenly went sprawling upon the floor of the wagon.

"Mother, may I pick out one tuck from my dress with a pin? — Lucy, stay down there and

help me pick — so I shall look taller?" said Julia, holding her sister down very hard.

"Well, the dress is short. Yes, pick away," consented Mrs. Jennings, "only let me get the scissors and cut the threads in places."

The lengthening of the best delaine lasted until noon, when a stop was made in a deep, warm valley, that lunch might be eaten by the roadside.

"Let me choose. I see a lovely place," cried Julia as Mr. Tuttle drew in the horses to look about. And with that, she began scrambling over the wheel, heeding Mr. Tuttle's warning, "Wagon grease!" just in time to save the delaine dress.

"Here, here," cried Julia, running ahead and then turning proudly to show her find.

The little space that Julia had spied was between the rocky bed of a tiny brook and the road, and was carpeted with needles from a great pine that stood high above the other trees. The space would just hold the lunch cloth and permit all to be seated.

The travelers talked little, and only in low tones as they ate their lunch. It was pleasanter to listen, for above them the warm wind

seemed to stop in the pine trees with little resting sighs, and the brooklet slipped under a great stone and answered with gentle cheer.

"What's that!" whispered Julia as a new sound came from the farther hill top.

"Woodcutters," answered Mr. Tuttle, rising. "I suppose that all these trees have got to come down. Just excuse me, Mrs. Jennings," he continued, "I guess the horses have munched long enough and are just longing to get us up that hill."

The children stayed near their elders while the men were getting ready for a start. They felt unacquainted with this new sort of out-of-doors, and were merry only when back in the wagon again.

Just after sunset they came to the crest of a steep hill and began to descend the winding, narrow road into a deep valley.

"Hold the brake, Taylor," said Mr. Tuttle, to Uncle Fitch as he reached his hand far out on the lines and braced his feet against the dashboard. Heretofore, Mr. Tuttle had used the brake himself, and the children held their breath, not knowing what to expect.

"I just wonder what your father is doing," Mr. Tuttle suddenly called back. This remark showed the children that there was no danger, yet it was a relief to them when the wheels were again free from the jarring brake. They leaned heavily against their mother, drowsiness closed their eyelids, and presently the jog, jog, jolt of the wagon conducted them through the gates of sleep into dreamland.

It was near midnight when Julia and Lucy were awakened by the sound of rushing water. Before them a dark river was flowing.

"Almost home; New Brighton is just across the river," said Uncle Fitch.

"Oh, a ferry! I am afraid!" cried Lucy in a frightened voice.

"No, there's a bridge," said her mother, soothingly; and, to the children's great relief, they heard the horses' hoofs sounding on planks, as they entered the blackness of a covered bridge. After a long, rumbling passage over the bridge the horses' hoofs again struck soft earth, and the stars again shone overhead brighter, the children thought, than before.

"Everybody is asleep," whispered Julia as

the horses moved slowly down the street of the little village. Across the rushing stream the dark outline of a mountain showed against the western sky—the Alum Rocks, they learned later.

"Hello, there!" shouted uncle as the horses stopped before the Tarbox Tavern. Not a sound came from the tavern.

"Hello, there!" uncle again shouted, now making a trumpet of his hands.

At once an upper window was thrown open and a glad, "Well, well, I'd given you up!" came in father's own voice.

Just then a hostler with a lantern came around from the barn, and a light appeared in the hallway of the tavern.

In a wonderfully short time Mr. Jennings was helping unload the wagon, accompanied on each trip by two skipping girls. They had forgotten to "fool him with a big, strange girl," but he had spoken about their growth at once.

Later, when they were cozily tucked into bed, the father came to look at the children. After he had gone, sleep did not come at once; it was so pleasant to lie there and think how strong and good father looked.

"How does thee do, Neighbor Jennings, and how is thy family?"

This was the Monday morning greeting of Aunt Rachel Tea, who came over to the tavern to see if she could be of any service to the family who were to be her neighbors during the next three years.

Most of the people were Quakers

"A Quaker!" whispered Julia. "She is dressed in gray, and is never called Mrs. Tea, because she is so kind. Father told us about her in his letter." The children were looking over the banisters while Aunt Rachel and Mrs.

Jennings were making acquaintance in the little parlor of the tavern.

There were many Quakers to become acquainted with; in fact, most of the people living in the town were Quakers, and they believed that Philadelphia was the center for good things in America, and not New York as the children had supposed.

"Of course, New York is much more important than Philadelphia, as people even way out here ought to know," was Julia's comment on their benighted condition.

"They are not so very 'way out,' Julia," Lucy thoughtfully replied. "There are good roads to Philadelphia, and people go down rivers from here all the way to New Orleans. The ladies buy pretty things there. Mrs. Mendenhall, the beautiful lady, and all the ladies who have called, talk about New Orleans."

But to return to the faithful uncle and Mr. Tuttle. After a few days of rest, more on account of the horses than of the men, they started on their long ride back to Fredonia. The travelers were not to return by the swamp road, but to go the twenty miles around. The

children sent loving messages to people along the line, and the mother did not forget the letter to be dropped at the crossroads tavern for the good landlady; and all joined in writing a letter to grandfather and grandmother. Paper dolls, intended to represent some of the interesting people seen on their journey, were sent to Sarah. A very beautiful doll was the sweet maiden at the ball; and then you should have seen the one named Moll — Mrs. Farden.

On the morning of their departure, the children rode with uncle and Mr. Tuttle to the entrance of the long covered bridge, and then waited by the roadside during the long, rumbling ride over the bridge, that they might wave good-by when the travelers appeared for a moment on the curve of the road beneath the Alum Rocks.

Mr. Jennings was very busy during the first winter in superintending the building of the felt factory and could not take the children about much. The roads outside the town were almost impassable, and even in the town, sidewalks were often missing. School life of necessity became the absorbing interest of the winter.

Mrs. Shedden's School

Waiting around the Door

"THERE come the children!" exclaimed Mrs. Jennings. "I wonder how they have enjoyed their first morning at school."

The dinner was on the table, and Mr. Jennings, looking out of the window, saw his two little maidens returning home from Mrs. Shedden's school. They were walking hand in hand and had a solemn and important manner.

"Well?" said their father when, at length,

all were seated at the table. "Tell us about the school."

In reply, Julia began at once to relate the remarkable experiences of the morning.

"We waited for some time around the door of Mrs. Shedden's house — it's the school. The scholars noticed our short hair, of course; and asked us things about where we came from, and if we wore our Sunday clothes to school. Then a maid tapped on the window and we went in. The others sat down, and we stood by the door. Mrs. Shedden came into the room and everybody stood up. She said 'Good morning, children,' and they all bowed this way" — Julia slipped from her chair and made a curtsy like a wooden doll with springs only at the knees — "then Mrs. Shedden came and shook hands with us and said that father had arranged for our — our —"

"Membership in the school," prompted Lucy. "And she called Julia Miss Jennings and me Miss Lucy —"

Julia nodded and went on, "And she gave us seats, and we had prayers out of a book, and then things were like school; only we

stood up every time Mrs. Shedden spoke to us."

"Yes, and Mrs. Shedden has three pairs of twins, the end pairs are boys, and they all mind their mother all the time, no matter if she is not there," contributed Lucy.

"Yes," pursued Julia, "and one of the big twin boys said that their father had been an English officer and had fought in a battle called Loowater — no, Waterloo. The big twin boy wanted all the rest of us to be French at recess, so that he could be English and drive us all into the basement. We wouldn't."

"Now we will eat our dinner," said Mr. Jennings, smiling because his fatherly interest had permitted all this talk at the table: for, in those days, it was the rule that children — here more than anywhere else — "should be seen and not heard."

"Just one more thing, father," pleaded Julia, and at a nodded permission, she added, "Mrs. Shedden wears a cap with three flounces as big as this," and Julia met her finger tips above her head; "and her dress is silk, stiff all over, and

stiff — stiff in front of the waist. We may not talk to her, but she is good."

During the winter, all the mothers who called on Mrs. Jennings often spoke of Mrs. Shedden. Her fine appearance at dinner parties and the "deportment" taught in her school seemed matters of importance; but this last the children believed to be a mistake, for no class in deportment was ever called.

However, the speech of the children was certainly corrected, and although the new pupils did not say "Alus" and "chickun" for Alice and chicken, as some of their playmates did, there seemed to be something wrong with what Mrs. Shedden called their "verbs." The children sometimes wondered if *been* should be sounded so nearly like *bean*, as it did when Mrs. Shedden said, "He has been ill."

The Sunday school was also very interesting. The children learned verses in the Old Testament, and when they could repeat one hundred of these correctly, they were allowed to choose, and keep for their very own, a book from the Sunday school library. These books were about people living in England, and one of them, the

"Fairchild Family," was so delightful that it was read through many times, but alas! its charms were on one occasion the cause of very acute, and much too lengthened, distress to poor Julia.

Aunt Rachel Tea gave each of the children a little fat, wide-mouthed, brown jar, that had been made at the pottery in the town. Julia was one rainy day reading the "Fairchild Family," and pushing her lips into her little jar. She became so absorbed in her book that she forgot to remove her lips, and read on for over an hour. She finished her book and at once became conscious that her lips were hot and painful. She attempted to remove the jar, but could not.

"What is the matter!" cried Mrs. Jennings, running to Julia in response to a muffled, horrified shriek. "Hush, child, stop dancing around. Let me press your lips away from the jar. Do I hurt you? There."

Mother stepped back and looked at Julia who with purple, flaring lips was trying to weep. Frightful, but oh, so funny! The mother laughed, tried not to laugh but did. Lucy gave a horrified look and laughed. Mr. Jen-

nings came in and retreated quickly into the kitchen, but Julia heard him laugh as he banged the door.

"Mean, mean! Not one kind person in the world!" poor Julia trumpeted, and hid her face in the seat of the stuffed rocking chair.

Soon, in just a moment, however, it was no longer amusing and Julia became satisfied that her people still cared for her. Mother brought warm water; she gently bathed her daughter's face, and gave favorable reports of less purple, less flaring lips. Still, that evening, Julia was obliged to sup on warm gruel put very far back in her mouth by a very serious mother; and everybody looked concerned.

Peaceful Valley Surprised

Mr. Brown

WHEN spring came Julia and Lucy explored the beautiful valleys that cut the slopes of the hills inclosing the little town. With their father they climbed the great Alum Rocks across the river. They learned to call the little streams "runs," as did the other children, and they traced more than one to its source far up a deep ravine. They found that often the water oozed out of thick moss and collected in little rocky basins, hard to find, for great trees shut out the light.

Of the spring flowers the children loved most the tiny Quaker ladies, lovely lavender stars standing out so clean and erect on slender stems.

"Oh, you dear flowers, you pretty Quaker ladies! If we could stay here with you, we would not pick you," the children would say as they pushed their fingers close down to the ground to get all of the thread-like stems.

But the place most loved by the children was their own tiny valley — Peaceful Valley. Their own it was by right of discovery, and Julia gave it its name. In summer, long happy days were spent in the Valley. Permanent playhouses were made; but the doll family "slept better in a real house," the little mothers said as they took their dolls home at night.

One day when Peaceful Valley was very lovely and the children had played happily for some hours, Julia looked up at her sister with an anxious expression. Her doll, the loved Euphebia, had the day before said "I won't" to Mrs. Shedden, she explained. Lucy gasped at such temerity, but Julia sadly asserted that such was, indeed, the fact.

The children were so absorbed in discussing

the best manner of dealing with Euphebia, that rapidly approaching footsteps were not heard, and they were startled beyond measure at the sudden address of a little man who seemed to have sprung out of the ground.

"My little girls," he inquired, "can you direct me to the residence of Mr. Jennings?" He spoke in the pleasantest manner imaginable, and the children, looking at him, noticed that over his neatly coated arm the man carried an extra, faded, and threadbare coat.

"Yes, sir, we can show you the house if you will come with us over the little hill. It is our house," said Julia, who in their first fright had stepped in front of her sister.

"Is it, indeed!" said the active visitor, and he walked briskly toward the hill, followed closely by the children. "May I ask if Mrs. Brown is with your people to-day? I do not find her at home. That is the house? And Mrs. Brown is there? Thank you, good-by," and off hurried the stranger, laughing back and waving the old coat to the children who stood staring after him.

Slowly the children walked back into Peace-

ful Valley and seated themselves near Euphebia whose shortcomings were forgotten, although she still lay there staring up at the sun, unwinking and unpenitent.

"Could that be *the* Mr. Brown! Let's go home and see," said Julia, after a pause; and then the children with serious faces began packing their doll clothes.

"There he is," said Julia as they reached the brow of the hill. "He is stopping to speak to Aunt Rachel Tea. Now he is going into our yard. Hurry!"

When the children reached home, they left their boxes in the yard, and going very quietly through the hall, looked into the parlor. The little man they had followed stood in the middle of the parlor, twisting himself about to get a good look at the back of the old coat which he had now put on. He was telling Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Brown where a few stitches were needed.

He nodded like an old friend as he caught sight of the children.

"It is Mr. Brown!" whispered Julia, and Lucy turned pale as she looked at their guest

skipping cheerily about and telling the ladies that he must be off that very night. After a little while they went out and sat down on the steps much concerned.

"He is an abolitionist, and if some people about here should find out for certain that he has helped slaves to get to Canada, he might be killed. Oh, Julia!" said Lucy, pressing her palms together.

The children talked for a long time repeating what they had heard their elders say. Mrs. Brown used to be a Brigham girl and had lived on the Brigham road in Fredonia; and often when she got nervous because her husband did not return at the appointed time after a lecturing tour, she would come over to see Mrs. Jennings and get calm. But sometimes Mr. Brown went too far away, and then even coming over to see Mrs. Jennings did not make her calm.

"Oh, that is the coat! How stupid not to think," said Julia; for she suddenly remembered that they had heard much about a coat which Mrs. Brown often washed and mended after Mr. Brown's lectures. It was said that in some Pennsylvania towns the little man was

roughly handled, and that he was promised even rougher handling if he dared to return. And no doubt the coat also suffered on such occasions.

At tea the children were seated on either side of Mr. Brown at that gentleman's request. Mr. Brown was very jolly, making every one laugh but his wife, and even she became "calm" enough to wear an anxious sort of smile.

After tea the children and their parents said good-by very sadly to their bright, new friend, for he was to leave that night for a long trip and hoped to lecture in many places. They feared they might not see him again, but they did most unexpectedly and much to their pleasure. He dropped into their lives — but we must wait until we get to that.

A Floating Palace

Waiting for the Boat

ONE evening in spring Mr. Jennings sat thoughtfully examining some samples of fine English broadcloth. "This is what I ought to be making. I haven't given it up. Perhaps this coming move may help towards it," he said, addressing his wife.

He looked up and saw two pairs of large, round eyes fixed upon him and he smiled. He always did so like to surprise those two little girls of

his, but to explain matters — that he never would do.

So it was not until some weeks afterward that the girls heard anything more about the "coming move," and then they learned that the family was to return to Fredonia while Mr. Jennings organized new woolen mills in various parts of New York state.

The Jennings children, busy at school or happily playing, had almost forgotten the chance word about moving, when they were told that in a week they were to start for Fredonia. The week passed all too quickly. It was hard to leave the little school and the loved playhouse, and many times during the week Peaceful Valley was visited. The mother was sad at the thought of leaving New Brighton for, said she, "In all the world there are no truer friends than Quakers."

Just at sunset on the day of their departure the Jennings family, with much luggage about them, stood with their friends at the lowest lock of the canal waiting for the boat that was slowly coming toward them. At this lock the boat would leave the canal and pass into the

Beaver River. At Beaver village another boat would be taken, and the long canal trip westward to Bolivar, Ohio, and then northward to Cleveland, would begin.

The sun just looked over the great hills as the boat floated into the lock. The lower gate was not opened at once, as it took some time to get the Jennings belongings on board. When all was ready, and good-bys were said, the family stepped across to the deck, and the boat slowly settled down in the lock. The sunlight shone on the faces of those who were looking down into the lock, and the children and their parents looked up from deep shadow. Then, as the boat glided out into the river, they too were in the sunshine.

The children and their mother waved their handkerchiefs, which were damp and limp, and Mr. Jennings stood with his hat off until the sun dropped behind the Alum Rocks, and their friends could be seen no more.

That evening the children were permitted to sit on deck much beyond their usual bedtime and watch the stars. The boat was still floating on a silver river between steep banks when

they went down into the cabin and were put to bed on high, swinging shelves.

The long, beautiful canal trip to Cleveland had one peculiar joy for the children.

While their mother, comfortably seated on deck, enjoyed her reading, their father took them for long walks along the tow path. The boat would soon be left far behind, and when some charming spot was reached, a rest was enjoyed until the boat overtook them, and the quiet voyage was resumed.

The travelers reached Cleveland at early evening and put up at a tavern overlooking Lake Erie. Mrs. Jennings, with the children, was watching the people pass who were going down to the dock to board the steamboat, the *Great Western*, when her husband hurriedly entered the room.

"I learn that the *Great Western* does touch at Dunkirk after all," he said. "We can go on to-night."

"Oh, goody! the grandest boat ever built," cried Julia.

"Finest on the lakes at any rate," responded her father.

"Plenty of time. Each lady carries but one bag," were among the remarks which Mr. Jennings made, while everybody was too busy to listen to him.

"Well, we did have plenty of time," he at length had the satisfaction of saying, as he ushered his breathless family across the gang-plank of the *Great Western.*

"Now, listen, children. There is to be no sightseeing, or talking matters over to-night. We are to go directly to the ladies' saloon," was the mother's timely warning when her daughters caught sight of the splendors of the "floating palace."

"There are your berths, madam," said the stewardess, stepping to the door of the ladies' saloon as the party approached. Then she hurried forward and took the carpetbags from Mr. Jennings, who promptly retired, presumably to an equally splendid apartment for men.

"See these dear beds!" cried Julia, as the stewardess put down the bags and drew back one of the many curtains which lined the sides of the saloon.

Small wonder that the children were pleased with the berths. They were not mere hanging shelves, but real little beds built into the wall of the saloon and furnished with the finest of linen and the softest of blankets. The upper and lower berths were screened by short white muslin curtains, and both could be screened with a longer drapery of ruby silk embroidered with gold stars.

Lucy pushed herself shyly into the ruby drapery and stared about the saloon while her mother was getting Julia ready for bed. But this was no easy task, for Julia made herself most trying, the while, by turning this way and that, to see all that went on about her.

"Not one Quaker!" thought Lucy, for the people about her were dressed in new and beautiful fashion, and in the most pleasing colors. Some other children near by were being prepared for bed by large negro women with brilliant turbans on their heads and new moons of gold in their ears. One young girl was having her long, silky, dark hair brushed by another young girl with crinkly black hair and a deep coffee-brown skin.

"Yes, her skin is brown, but she is pretty," thought Lucy.

"Now slip into your gowns while I hold the curtain forward," said the weary mother. "You are to sleep in the upper berth." She pushed the last button from its buttonhole and then sequestered her maidens until the long curtain hung straight and quiet and "We're in," was called.

The Southerners

THE scene in the saloon was of such peculiar interest to the children that they got into their little bed without once thinking that their mother might know something about the new sort of soft-spoken people who were their fellow travelers. The next morning, however, she much astonished them by saying:

"These people are Southerners"

"These people are Southerners from the cotton states traveling with their servants. They enjoy the cool weather along the lakes."

"It is all like a storybook," said Julia in a low tone to Lucy when they were seated at the breakfast table.

"Yes, and you can tell that the brown girl loves the young lady. See, she is bringing her a beautiful green cloak. It seems nice to have a cloak brought like that," Lucy replied.

"I choose to be the young lady," said Julia.

"Oh, no, I saw her first —"

But the choosing question was not settled, for one of the southern ladies and her pale little girl were seated next to Mrs. Jennings.

"Ma little ge-al lives in Nu-awl'yuns," said the lady, pleasantly, to the children after she had chatted for a time with Mrs. Jennings.

"No more New Orleans' for us," thought the children of northern speech, even as they smiled back at the pale little girl.

After breakfast the northern children went on deck and soon found that southern gentlemen spoke to little girls very politely as though they were young ladies. One pretty lady called Julia a creole and Lucy a Saxon rose. At this the little girls returned to their mother as soon as politeness would permit.

"Are creoles nice? A lady called me one. Of course Saxon roses are — that's Lucy — but creoles?"

"'Handsome is that handsome does,'" their mother answered with a severe look, and her daughters exchanged gratified glances having now no doubt as to the niceness of both creoles and Saxon roses.

The wooded point that projects into Lake Erie west of Dunkirk Harbor was sighted all too soon. The southern people gave Mr. and Mrs. Jennings courteous bows and waved their hands to the children as the family left the boat at Dunkirk.

On the pier, they were again delighted to see Uncle Fitch with the same three-seated wagon that had taken them before to Fredonia, the pretty village which was now to be their home and where many new experiences were to come to them.

At Grandfather's Again

"Oh, this is Canadaway Run — no, creek," exclaimed Julia as they crossed the bridge over that well-remembered stream and began the ascent of the long hill.

Retrimming the Bonnets

At the top of the hill uncle turned the horses toward the pretty, grassy common. At that instant Lucy fairly shouted, "There, there, is Sarah at the gate! grandfather and grandmother are on the steps!" The children stood up and waved their hands.

While the men were getting the luggage from the wagon the children looked down at Sarah, and she with love in her gentle black eyes looked up at them. How

daintily she was dressed! Her red dress was a bit long, and fine lace-trimmed pantalettes permitted a little of her red stockings to show, and red slippers covered her small feet. Later the children found that for the street this costume was made complete when Sarah put on a white straw bonnet with red roses around the crown, and tied the red ribbons over her dark, soft curls, and put around her shoulders a white cashmere shawl with a red border.

But to return, grandfather, of course, expressed his delight at seeing them again, and grandmother said nothing, but was just as glad to see them, as somehow they all knew. Again Sarah led her cousins into the best room, and the visit, which was to precede housekeeping down in the village, began.

The children found that fashion did not travel across the mountainous state of Pennsylvania as rapidly as across canal-opened New York state, and, therefore, there was a prompt retrimming of bonnets in order to keep in the prevailing style.

"But why bother about the trimming of a bonnet when one must take a shingled head to a new school," said Julia, bitterly.

"Men Naturally Black"

EARLY one morning, a short time after the arrival in Fredonia, Lucy happened to remember that the day before she had left her doll's weekly wash to dry in the summer kitchen. She therefore hurried from the dining room to see if the clothes had been disturbed. The kitchen was but ill-lighted, and Lucy was quite to the middle of the room when a great dark object loomed up — another — another! Then the child, staring and white, was gently pushed into the dining room, and the door quietly closed after her.

What Lucy saw

"I saw," she gasped, and then seeing nothing,

sank into her chair at the table, and her grandfather immediately asked the blessing.

At the close of the blessing grandmother said quietly, "Did you see three colored men in the kitchen?"

"No, grandma, they are not colored, they are black," answered Lucy.

"Ha, ha!" laughed her father, "the clothmaker's own child — the natural color, wasn't it?"

All the grown people laughed, and grandmother said, "When men naturally black are in our kitchen, we never speak of it. After breakfast you may help carry the men something to eat."

Julia and Lucy ate very little breakfast, which cannot be said of the three men to whom later they carried an incredible amount.

Grandfather watched the busy children, but did not smile back when they smiled at him. "Father is the only abolitionist," Sarah explained to her cousins. "But grandfather doesn't say anything when black men come here."

The men naturally black, however, were smiling and most polite. They were careful

always to stand up when the little girls came into the kitchen and one of them showed great skill and dispatch in setting the table for the meal. Sarah was very composed in her service, the task not being a new one, and by supper time Julia had become quite brave and asked the men some questions.

No, they had never been whipped, and never had too little to eat. The one who had shown such skill in setting the breakfast table had been permitted by his master to hire himself out as a waiter on a Mississippi boat.

"Then why do you run away?" asked Julia at last.

"To be free, Miss." This reply the children could not understand.

When Julia and Lucy were ready for bed that night, Sarah with her white gown gathered about her appeared for a moment at their door and whispered, "If you hear anything, look out of the window. There, don't ask me one thing."

This was quite enough to make sleep impossible, and the sisters sat up in bed and whispered in the moonlight. "Hush!" now and

then one of them said; but it was a long, long time before they heard anything but the wind in the great locust trees. At last, toward midnight, there was a sound of a creaking wagon, and the dull thud of hoofs on the greensward below.

Quickly the children were at the window. Looking out they saw in dark outline Uncle Fitch slowly driving out on the common with a great load of barrels. Not heavy barrels, certainly, for one rolled off at the back of the wagon and bounded up a little. Yes, and the children heard some one give a suppressed chuckle.

"Look, the waiter man!" said Julia in a shivery whisper as a long arm reached down from the load and caught up the barrel.

"He's pulling it over his head, see, Julia — how funny!" and both girls held their hands over their mouths as the barrel seemed to lay itself down on its side and then go wobble, wobble, before quietly settling down. Slowly the load moved across the common and disappeared over the hill.

"I'm freezing!" shivered Julia, and quickly the children scrambled back into bed.

"Let's stay awake until uncle gets back," said Julia as they cuddled down under the clothes.

"Let's," answered Lucy, sleepily.

The next morning, to the children's surprise, uncle looked quite as usual, and they could almost have believed that they had dreamed dreams, when grandfather addressed his son very stiffly,

"Did the steamer come into Dunkirk Harbor last night?" he said.

"No, sir," his son answered, "they sent in a small boat. The men are on Canadian soil by this time."

Sarah turned her solemn black eyes upon her cousins, but never a word did she say.

School Days at Fredonia

WHEN spring came, housekeeping began in a small house on Main Street — a very desirable location the children found later. Their father was away most of the time earning good wages by starting woolen mills in many parts of the state. The home living was of the most economic sort, and, for the first time, Julia and Lucy heard of the debt.

One of the Boys

"I think that our Pa Jennings must be very stingy," Julia suddenly burst out one day.

Then their mother told the children of the debt, and that now their father was making an unusual effort to make a large payment.

"And you children must be patient, for some day things will be different. Your father is not stingy, Julia," she said.

However, the debt and going without things were soon forgotten in the excitement of beginning school in a new place: for, soon after moving into the village, the children were attending Miss Button's select school for girls and little boys. Cousin Sarah was proud, indeed, of the distinction of bringing two new girls to school, and she walked between her cousins with much dignity on the morning of their first appearance.

When the new girls took off their bonnets in the little entry, the other girls just looked critically at their shingled heads; but, when Sarah said, "These are my cousins," the newcomers were at once chosen as inmates of different playhouses. The ground plans of these houses, marked off with brick, were noticeable features of the school yard.

Such was the power of a proper introduction into Miss Button's school.

Before the playhouse rules had been fully explained, the teacher, young and good to look at, rustled through the entry. She was clad in very starchy skirts, and was still laughing at the parting remark of a young man, who had escorted her to the gate. She passed into the

schoolroom and called school by rapping vigorously on the window sash with a long ruler.

Sarah seated her cousins on a little bench at the back of the room.

"They are middle-sized like us," whispered Lucy when the last of the fifteen girls had quieted down for devotional exercises.

Three little boys in long gingham aprons buttoned up at the back had promptly taken their seats near the teacher. Another little fellow, also in gingham apron, and with a high topknot curl came in late. He stood with his thumb in his mouth, and seemed quite overpowered at being so conspicuous.

"We don't mind these little boys. They play girl games and are always chosen last. Boys don't stay in this school after they get out of aprons," one girl had said when the recess arrangements were being explained.

Politeness

"Ready for bows and curtsies," said Miss Button at the close of the devotional exercises. "The new girls need not practice to-day," she added, looking pleasantly at the girls on the back bench.

Bows and Curtsies

The new girls now noticed the teacher very particularly. She wore a buff muslin dress with three ruffles on the skirt, and cut low in the neck, and her neck was pink and looked hard. Her hair was pulled up smoothly into a knot at the back, but in front dark, elastic curls bounded as she moved.

As Miss Button seated herself at one side of the room to criticize the exercises, she placed her slippered feet on a little stool.

"When I get to be a young lady I shall wear slippers with black ribbons crossed over white stockings and tied at the back of my ankles," whispered Julia.

"Yes, and I shall, too," Lucy returned, "but just think, to-morrow we must curtsy. There! that girl is crying. She has tried four times."

Poor child! small wonder that she cried, for to drop a curtsy with grace was not an easy thing to do. The drop was accomplished by making a sweeping curve with the toe of one foot while the opposite knee was deeply bent. The limp calico dress, long scant apron, stiff wide pantalettes, and not flexible calf-skin shoes made the thin little girl a forlorn figure indeed.

"Don't cry. It's like this," and Miss Button herself rose to curtsy. It was whispered among the patrons of the school that Miss Button's curtsy was too hasty.

"No, when she goes down so the ruffles spread on the floor, it's lovely," thought Julia.

"You three little boys try bowing together," said Miss Button, recovering herself rather suddenly.

The three aproned boys promptly appeared before the school and bent themselves sharply at the hips while dragging back one foot with a scraping sound. The boys regained their seats by strides that taxed the width of their aprons.

"Now, Darwin, we shall try together," said Miss Button to the boy with the curl, but Darwin either kept both feet on the floor or else attempted the dragging back with both feet at once, and Miss Button was obliged to close the exercise by leading Darwin back to his seat.

Miss Button assigned lessons to the new girls, and during the next hour heard several classes. The last class, consisting of only two members, was most interesting.

"Class in Book of Commerce," called Miss Button.

"Begin," said the teacher to the tall girl who with fingers in her Book of Commerce had whispered her lesson as she passed to the class in an almost wall-eyed state of abstraction.

"Plums were once prunes," answered the tall girl.

"Next."

"Prunes were once plums," corrected the other girl who had not been so abstracted.

"Go on."

"Cloves are the unexpanded buds of a tree," the same girl continued, and went on piling up statements of valuable information during the entire ten minutes of the recitation.

"That book is real nice to read, but it's awful to commit," the tall girl confided to Julia at recess when Julia asked to borrow the Book of Commerce.

After the recess, which was long and most enjoyable, a carriage drove up, and Miss Button left the schoolroom, and, standing on the sidewalk, chatted with some friends.

"When visitors come like this, we spell our dolls down, or have them speak pieces. You'd better bring little dolls in your pockets," Sarah advised her cousins.

"It is nice to be grown up and visit and wear slippers every day," said Lucy to her sister as they, not being provided with dolls,

watched the young teacher from the window. They were thus able to report the departure of the visitors so that Miss Button's "All in order," on her return to the schoolroom, was hardly needed. But unfortunately the teacher's cheerful tones startled little Darwin out of a sound sleep, and she, after drying his tears, held him in her lap until noon, and had the other children write.

"Well, it's pleasant, but we must have dolls, and bring our share of the dishes for the play house," Julia said on the way home when Sarah questioned her anxiously as to her impression of the school.

The Embroidery Teacher

SEVERAL very satisfactory weeks followed this first day at school, when life was made much more exciting by the entrance of a new, large girl. Her name was Maria Henshaw.

Horace Greeley's Sister

She became at once the autocrat of the recesses. She made higher teeters than any one else had dared to make, she climbed higher trees, and she ventured farther down the street at recess, taking her chances of hearing the rap. She behaved well in school hours, caring little for leadership in the tame pursuit of knowledge.

One day soon after Maria Henshaw's en-

trance into the school, a visitor came with Miss Button and stayed all day.

"Can she be going to take Miss Button's place?" whispered Julia to Maria Henshaw.

"No, she can't start things," said Maria after a critical overlooking of the drooping figure in the green delaine. "I'll tell you all about her when I come back this noon."

When Maria came back after dinner she nodded triumphantly to Julia as she took her seat; but, as she was late, and consequently kept in at recess, she could not report until after school.

All the afternoon the visitor sat and looked out of the window, now and then languidly throwing back the light curls that lay on her bare neck. Once she left the room, smiling shyly, and was introduced to some visitors. After school was dismissed, the girls waited about until the little green-clad figure disappeared with Miss Button around the corner, and then Maria with a shout called the girls around her on the sidewalk.

"She is Horace Greeley's sister. Don't you know Horace Greeley, Lucy Jennings, and you

a Whig! He edits a paper in New York — *The Cabin* — the *Log Cabin!*"

"She is going to teach us embroidery — teach me embroidery!" The Henshaw girl laughed long and loud, but sobering suddenly she said, "I wouldn't hurt her for the world, but then I ain't going to embroider — very much!"

The next morning Miss Button instructed the school as to the materials needed for embroidery, and in the afternoon the first lesson was given. Miss Greeley came in a little late bringing with her a small rocking chair, and after putting on a long white bib apron to show that her labors had now taken on a professional character, she seated herself in the chair and took her embroidery from a small bag. Miss Button gave directions to the school, and several times Miss Greeley passed around the room and looked at the children's work. She said nothing, but once or twice an expression of mild surprise passed over her face.

"Please may I hold Darwin? He's just toppling over asleep. I'd rather," said Maria Henshaw as she finally broke the knotted, damp thread of her buttonhole edge.

Miss Button came over and looked at Maria's edge and then at her flushed face, "Yes, hold Darwin," she said.

"Come, Darry," said Maria, kindly, and with strong arms she slipped Darwin into her lap so skillfully that he only knew that somehow all hard things had melted into comfortable softness, and this world had become a good place for little boys.

The new work made a pleasant change, but Miss Greeley soon introduced something that was a very different matter — water-color painting. Miss Button gave directions as before, but now Miss Greeley's work before the children told something. The children loved their little squares of color, and at recess they collected bits of broken china on which to rub the little squares. Wonderful things happened on these broken bits of china. Two colors might be rubbed on the bits, and, behold! a new, third color would appear. Miss Greeley knew beforehand what it would be, and she knew many other things that one might see, but not be able to ask about.

"Funny she can think those pictures and do them. I wish I could," said Maria Henshaw.

"Eighteen-Forty"

"Now ready, line up," commanded the Henshaw girl, seating herself on a very rickety

"Come here, Darry!"

chair placed against an apple tree in the back yard of the select school.

"This recess has got to settle things," Maria

continued. "Every Whig go under the cherry tree and get ready to shout for Harrison — at the word, mind you! If there are any Birneys — abolitionists, you know — you'd better sit on the back steps. Let the Democrats — 'locofocos' if that's what you want to call us — get around me. We'll all shout for Van Buren. Is there any one in the school who does not dare to say what she is — or any boy either?"

At this point Miss Henshaw stood up in her chair, and waved her hands; the chair collapsed. The Whig delegation gathering at the cherry tree laughed immoderately, but the marshal of the day recovered herself with dignity, and, taking one round of her collapsed chair, she used it in vigorous gesture.

The Jennings girls made a rush with the other Whigs, but in a moment stood irresolute. Alone, with a brave look in her face, stood little Sarah on the back steps — for Birney — an abolitionist!

"Oh, come with us, Sarah," pleaded Lucy.

"Sarah Taylor, why do you waste your vote? Birney can't be elected," shrieked Julia.

"Let me alone; I shall vote for Birney, the best man, and he is against slavery," said Sarah with such spirit that her cousins ran to the cherry tree, and Maria Henshaw shouted, "Good for Sarah, she's got some spunk."

"Here, you boys, you two are Whigs. Didn't I go over to your house last night to find out!" and Maria made a rush for the two aproned boys, who were coming toward the apple tree, and ran them over to the Whig delegation.

"What am I?" shouted the bewildered third boy who had been shoved away from the cherry tree.

"Whig, too. Girls, he's to stay there, I say."

Maria returned to her tree, but made one more run, this time for the little boy with the curl. "Come here, Darry! You are to shout when I do."

The older children needed no instruction from Maria. They were expected not only to know their politics, but to be able to quote freely from the sayings of their elders on these matters.

Sarah had heard much talk at home, and it was a simple matter for her to know why she

was an abolitionist. It was more difficult for Julia and Lucy to know why they were Whigs, as, since his disappointment that Henry Clay had not been nominated for president, their father had been silent on all matters political. From their mother, however, they had gotten the notion that Whigs were for a tariff, and that a tariff would help their father's business.

"Then, of course, *that* is why we are Whigs," said Julia with decision.

As for the Henshaw girl, she calmly asserted that she was a locofoco because she was no fool.

This statement she repeated on the occasion of the meet under the apple tree, and followed it by the command given with raised chair round: "Now shout, everybody for your side." So vigorously was the command executed that Miss Button was obliged to come into the yard, as her repeated raps on the window, announcing that recess was over, had not been heard.

This organization of the select school was in May, and when at recesses, during the summer, play palled or the weather was too warm for much effort, the parties would be called to their places, and Maria Henshaw, fanning her heated

face with her sunbonnet, would lead a discussion on current events.

Maria did not mind joining in the singing of a rousing Harrison song, because the Whigs of the school, outnumbering the others, could make more noise. It was believed that Miss Greeley's brother wrote these songs, and even the embroidery lessons became quite popular. It certainly was a fact that the songs appeared in the *Log Cabin*. This was a favorite:

"I love the old log cabin,
For there in early days
Long dwelt the honest Harrison
As every loco says;
And when he is our president,
Which one more year will see,
In good hard cider we will toast
And cheer him three times three."

BUT the recesses of the summer were tame affairs compared with the wonderful events of the fall. Then on great days the school was dismissed, and the between-days were times of preparation almost as exciting.

A Locofoco

On the last day of September a liberty pole one hundred feet high was raised, but unfortunately this went up during school hours. The progress made on the building of a log cabin gave more satis-

faction to the children, who stopped on their way to school to watch its erection.

"Not a nail is to be used!" exclaimed the carpenter who was superintending the job.

"Why not use nails?" Julia asked.

"Do you suppose that Harrison had nails out in Indiana?" answered the man, crossly.

"No, sir; but they'd have been safe; *he* isn't cross enough to bite a nail," said Julia, retreating amid the approving shouts of her companions.

When the log cabin was completed, the whole country was invited to the dedication. The invitation appeared thus in the village paper:

> "Come on, ye firm Whigs of Chautauqua,
> And all ye old Jackson men too,
> Come on, for old Liberty's raising
> A cabin for Tippecanoe."

Bang! Bang! went the cannon at sunrise of the great day, and our little Whigs sprang out of bed to look out — so fortunate to be on Main Street — to see if anything unusual was yet in sight. Yes, a great banner was stretched across the street; and the children rubbing their sleepy eyes read,

"*The ball is rolling for Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.*"

"Hurrah, hurrah, and hur —"

"Go back to bed and stay there until you are called," came sternly up the stairs. So, back to bed went two indignant little girls, almost sorry that their father was at home on the great day.

"If Henry Clay had been nominated, father would have let us shout in the middle of the night!" muttered Julia, bumping her head into her pillows.

However, with the two more hours of sleep thus forced upon the children, the day was filled quite full enough with interest and excitement.

Immediately after breakfast, Julia and Lucy took seats on the gateposts, each holding a very "wavy" willow twig to which was tied a tiny flag.

"Let everything begin — now," shouted Julia.

"And to think Sarah can't be here! She isn't strong like us," said Lucy. "But, oh, here comes grandfather," and she scrambled down from her post to open the gate.

"Come in, grandfather; I will put the large chair out for you," cried Lucy.

Mr. Taylor marched by the open gate with much dignity, saying stiffly, "No, I thank you. I just came down the hill for my mail. I certainly hope the town will not be burned down."

"I tried to stop you," said Julia to her much mortified sister. "He's a locofoco, and locofocos stand no chance. Get up on your post. I see lots of people coming over the hill."

But Lucy did not mount her post at once, for a woman carrying a baby was looking into the grassy yard with tired eyes.

"Come in and rest," called Mrs. Jennings from the door. "Give the lady a chair, Lucy." This was the beginning of women with babies who came and went during the long day.

After seating the first tired mother, Lucy went back on her post. Soon some boys whose talk was of miles walked since daybreak paused before the gate. Mrs. Jennings, as if knowing what they wanted, set a wooden pail of cool water out on the porch and hung a copper dipper above it. The boys without a word turned into the yard, and beginning with a

stout fellow of about fifteen, they drank down the line in order of size.

"Thank you, marm," said each boy after drinking, and each responded to Mrs. Jennings's "You're welcome" with a friendly glance before making prompt retreat into the street.

Many times the water pail was filled that day, and many "thank yous" and "you're welcomes" were said. Once Julia challenged a lone and thirsty boy by putting her switch across the gate, and demanding, "Locofoco?"

"May the water choke me if I be," the boy responded; and, being permitted to pass, he drank deeply without mishap.

At eight o'clock the children heard a great shout along the West Hill, and the Westfield delegation came in sight. The Chautauqua Guards had gone some distance out of town to meet their first guests and now appeared at the head of the procession. The marshal of the day and his aides dashed past the children and wheeled their horses on the bridge at the foot of the hill. Some of the aides bounced about a good deal in their saddles, which was very mortifying to their friends; and some locofoco

boys laughed at the discomfited riders, shouting, "Try the oxen, Whiggies. Get into the cabin and ride with the girls."

This last advice was suggested because immediately behind the guard came a log cabin on wheels, and filled with laughing girls. The cabin was drawn by four oxen with a horse hitched before them. Behind the log cabin came a great, mouse-colored, prize ox on which was seated a boy who might also have taken a prize himself, so fat and rosy and handsome was he.

"See," said Mrs. Hutchinson, a fine-looking lady standing close to Julia's post, "that is my boy, and for once he is proud to be fat."

The marching men coming next did not interest the girls so much as did the wagon filled with ladies singing and waving flags. Each wagon was drawn by many horses, and on each horse was seated a boy. All these were proud and happy until misfortune overtook one little chap. As his horse approached the great banner hanging across the street it stopped. The boy pounded and kicked, the men ran forward and tried to drag the beast.

No use; it was a balky horse. Tears of rage sprang to the boy's eyes.

"If he only had a pin," inhumanly suggested Julia, pounding her post with her heels.

"What is the matter?" people shouted.

"A 'loco' horse has got into the procession and can't keep up," some one answered.

"Nothing loco can; put him out," was called back.

While a good "Whig" horse was being hitched, some ladies started a song:

> "Hurrah for the farmer of Tip.,
> The fearless old farmer of Tip.,
> With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
> Van Buren's successor is Tip."

The new horse behaved beautifully, and the procession moved on in triumph.

From the east and from the north came one procession after another, and Julia and Lucy with other children of the town rushed to points of vantage, shouting and cheering until the great crowd massed itself on and about Lafayette Common to hear the speech of the morning. After the speech the Jennings children returned home to help their mother wait on a yard full

of mothers and children, who were eating their lunches and were all very thirsty.

Eight thousand men and two thousand women ate dinner on the common, and at two o'clock the second speech of the day began and lasted until five o'clock. After the speech people began leaving the village, most of them too tired to make any more noise. A load of young men, however, drove around the town, each with his right arm raised as he chanted with fervor, "To the only general to whom the British surrendered during the War of 1812."

"All very thirsty"

The tired children returned to their posts to

bow and smile to such people of the morning processions as seemed to remember them. The girls in the log cabin, the fat boy, and the other boy, now astride of a reformed locofoco horse, smiled upon them like old friends.

Shortly after the great procession had passed, Mrs. Jennings came out and looking up the street said, "Can this town ever be made clean again! There, children, come off your perches before you fall off."

"Any one can see that Harrison will be elected," said Julia, decidedly, as she dropped to the ground with an inelastic thud.

"Of course," murmured Lucy, making her drop sleepily.

Both children followed their mother slowly into the house, trailing their "wavy twigs" behind them.

The New Teacher

After the celebration of the great Whig victory it seemed a long time to our little Whigs before the news of President Harrison's death came, yet it was but one month after the inauguration.

"They tired the good man out with their selfish scramble for office," said Mrs. Jennings.

Miss Ann Hawkins

During the exciting fall Miss Button's most frequent visitor had been a young man; but the children, interested in other matters, had not made a proper estimate of the importance of this. The announcement of Miss Button's coming marriage was, therefore, a complete

surprise. Miss Ann Hawkins, a young woman from Massachusetts, was to be their new teacher.

On the morning of the new teacher's first appearance in school, Julia was about to say to a neighbor across the aisle that Miss Hawkins was not very dressy when she found the new teacher's bright eyes fixed upon her. Sitting very erect, the lady seemed to be waiting for Julia's attention. Surprised that it made any difference, Julia gave Miss Hawkins her attention. That same morning the dullest girl learned her arithmetic lesson, to her own and every one else's surprise. At recess Maria Henshaw said she believed she needed rest, and that was another surprise.

The next morning Miss Hawkins introduced a new subject of study, composition. Each pupil must write a short composition each morning. The girl who had learned her arithmetic lesson the day before drew the line at this and said she never could.

"Try," said Miss Hawkins.

"I can't," said the girl.

"Do not do anything else until you have,"

said Miss Hawkins, in a cheery way, and passed on to other matters.

Noon came and the dullest girl prepared to go home. Her teacher looked surprised. "Your composition is not written. Nothing else until that is written."

The children left the teacher reading and the dullest girl biting the end of her slate pencil. On their return the teacher was still reading and the girl still biting her pencil. On seeing the other children the girl put her pencil to her slate. She wrote and erased many times, and then handed the slate to Miss Hawkins, who read, "The moon shines by night."

"That is sufficient. You may go home now, but return promptly," said Miss Hawkins, and she turned to rap for afternoon school. The children looked at the teacher. Would she faint? No, her cheeks held their clear, red color quite as usual.

After a few weeks Sarah and her cousins were conscious of a great change in themselves. Lessons, and not the recesses, had become the most interesting thing in school.

"What shall we study when we are too old to

go to a select school?" Julia asked Miss Hawkins one day.

"I hope you will be ready to enter the Academy."

The Academy! The Academy thus advertised in the *Fredonia Censor!* "The female department is under the care of Miss Steers, educated in Europe, and who has charge of the French and the music."

The girls looked at Miss Hawkins with eyes that answered her strong look. "To study when we are young ladies," was after that a part of the good which they believed the future held for them.

Julia and Lucy went to school to Miss Hawkins for two years, and then she gave up the school and married their uncle, Fitch Taylor, and became Sarah's stepmother.

The duty-loving New England woman and the brilliant little Sarah soon came greatly to love each other. But while Sarah was still a beautiful young woman, loved by many, she slipped away from this world, and through all the long years of the stepmother's life the memory of Sarah was very precious indeed.

The Erie Canal

In the old days three sorts of boats traversed the Erie Canal. The freight boat, drawn by two horses, driven tandem, as all canal horses

The Swift Packet

were, and which took over a week to cross the state of New York; the swift packets drawn by three horses, and carrying passengers only, and which made the distance in four days, and

the line boats, so named because several of them made the trip together. The line boats were constructed to carry freight and passengers who were accompanied by their household goods.

In the middle of a line boat, under the deck, freight was stowed, and at the bow was a cabin for passengers, and the dining room was in the stern. The little cabin, reached by a narrow steep staircase, was arranged with red cushioned lockers at each side, seats by day and beds by night. Pretty red curtains hung at the windows, and red curtains hung before an alcove at the end of the cabin which contained two large lower berths and two narrow shelf-like berths above. A mirror with a gilt frame fitted into the end of the alcove, and when the curtains were drawn back it reflected the length of the pretty cabin. A trip from the cabin to the dining room, across the deck strewn with light, local freight, compelled a discreet picking of one's steps. It was well when thus progressing that the steersman's warning cry, "Bridge!" did not call for a sudden seating of one's self on almost anything; or that "Low Bridge!"

did not demand that the deck be cleared of passengers.

The captain of any boat carrying passengers presided at the table, and was expected to play the gracious host, with due regard for his personal appearance; and on the packets, a diamond ring and pin might properly adorn his person.

As has been said, two horses drew the line boat, and it should be mentioned that while the two horses on duty were urged forward for a stretch of three miles by a boy who usually rode the foremost horse, two others munched in their stalls below deck, or poked a nose out of the tiny window that opened before each patient, hollow-templed face.

The boy drivers seemed always a jolly set, whistling and singing the latest popular tunes. "Ha, Jim along, Jim along, Josey" was a roaring song, but "A Life on the Ocean Wave" was thought to show a higher musical taste. Then soon a hard-working little chap started up with the parody:

> "A life on the raging canawl
> A home on the heelpath side."

The heelpath side is the side opposite the towpath. A proper and safe place for a humble cot.

The horses drawing the packet were stabled ashore; and it was a matter of pride to the drivers to hitch on fresh horses without slackening the speed of the boat. But the line-boat boy and the freight-boat boy must each lead his fresh horses over the gangplank, and wait for the relieved team to get into the boat. This, and the fact that the packet had the right of way, were most exasperating to the boy of the slower boat, but it greatly stimulated his ambition to rise in the business, and some day drive packet horses, and pass everything on the canal, and compel some one else to "slack rope" while he trotted over the low towline.

Some of the line boats were also six-day boats, and tied up on Sunday that the crew might rest and both crew and passengers attend church. Some line boats even advertised a Christian captain and, what was more remarkable, a nonswearing crew.

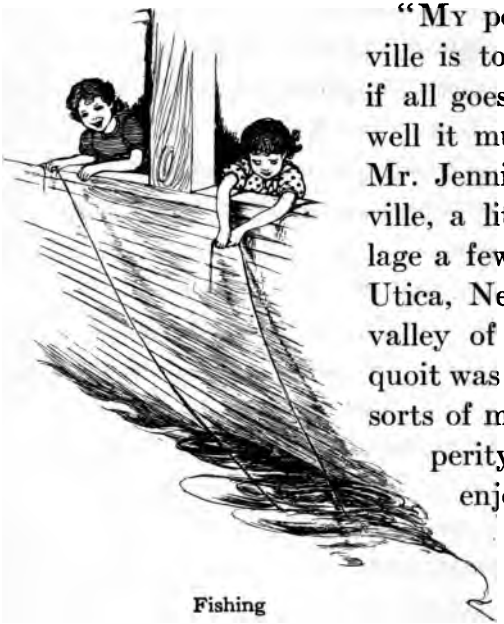
Speaking of attending church brings to one's mind the chambermaid on a six-day boat.

She was usually a young person of consequence along the "heelpath side" and her appearance of a Sunday when she was ready for church was such that on Monday ladies often asked her for the pattern of some garment of the latest cut.

The cook, a colored man in white cap and apron, seemed always a good-tempered person. When the larger towns were entered he stood at the stern of the boat and shouted orders for provisions to a person on shore who represented some favored grocer.

Besides enjoying the services of such worthy persons as have been mentioned, a family traveling on a six-day boat was sure of very proper company. When, therefore, an eastward moving came at length to the Jennings family, Uncle Fitch, after bringing the family and household goods in two great wagons to Buffalo, saw to it that his sister and nieces took passage in a particularly respectable six-day line boat.

A Pleasant Voyage



Fishing

"My position in Clayville is to be permanent if all goes well, — and go well it must." So wrote Mr. Jennings from Clayville, a little factory village a few miles south of Utica, New York. The valley of the swift Sanquoit was attracting many sorts of mills, and a prosperity equal to that enjoyed by the people in like New England valleys was expected in this new industrial center.

It was but three weeks after the reception of the letter quoted above that Julia and Lucy were looking across at each other from the

narrow upper berths in the alcove of the *Mary Ann*, the carefully selected six-day boat which was to be their home for a long delightful week.

It was their first night on the boat, and their mother had said, "Keep quiet and you will soon go to sleep," as she went into the cabin to chat with some new acquaintances.

"Of course, we cannot sleep until we get used to the tramping over our heads," said Julia as her mother dropped the curtain shutting off the alcove.

"No, of course not; let's peep into the cabin. Don't you think that a whale-oil lamp is chokier than candles? See how this one has blackened the ceiling. Arrange your peek hole like this, just a little wave in the edge of the curtain."

"I thought of that. There comes the chambermaid down the stairs. People will have to get off the lockers; she is going to make them into beds."

"Yes, isn't her little black silk apron pretty? I think that things are as nice here as on a packet. See how polite she is! She is telling

the married ladies to have their husbands go forward beyond the curtains, and then all the other gentlemen will see it's time to go."

"Mother looks tired, but she has to wait to hear the stout lady in brown tell how sick her husband was. We had better lie down and begin to get sleepy."

"Yes, my neck just aches."

The girls were silent for a few minutes, and then Lucy whispered across, "Julia, can you see the girls in our school — and Sarah? Do you have a queer feeling in your throat?"

"Yes," choked Julia. "I wish —"

At that moment Mrs. Jennings came quickly into the alcove, and slipping off her cloth dress, put on a white sacque and began brushing her long, wavy hair. The children lay quiet, feeling that they were very wakeful and sad, but when the lamp was blown out and the little window opened they —

"Knew nothing more until it was day."

The next morning the children found that even eating one's breakfast was interesting under such unusual conditions. The captain, while serving the thin and overdone steak,

remarked on the fresh and charming looks the night's rest had given the ladies.

"Don't you think the gentlemen look rested, too?" Lucy whispered to her sister.

"Of course. You are the goosiest! The captain is being complimentary," Julia whispered back.

After this, Lucy was silent until she felt quite certain that she had gathered some valuable information from the talk about her. "We are the only ones going through. That means to Schenectady," she ventured.

"Yes, I heard, too," Julia replied.

"How is it, then, about your goods? I understand that you are moving to Clayville, but you will first make a visit in Schenectady?" the large woman in brown asked Mrs. Jennings.

"The goods are to be taken off at Utica and sent on by wagon. We are to return to Utica by the steam cars," Mrs. Jennings replied; and the girls felt that this statement threw distinction upon their party.

"I still consider it a most dangerous mode of travel, but perhaps less so than it looks," Mr. Jennings had written.

Indeed, later, when at night a whistle and a roar and a glare of light heralded a monster that seemed about to rush into the canal, the children believed in the danger themselves. Still in the daytime there was only the frightful speed to alarm, and they determined to hold their father to his promise.

The early darkness of a fall day had prevented the children from seeing just how the canal and broad Niagara River kept company for a time. They learned from the chambermaid, however, that they were not to miss the locks at Lockport, and were too "shivery" to eat much dinner.

"I'd sit flat on deck, if I were not so old," said Julia as the *Mary Ann* approached the locks.

"Our boat will have to give the right of way to that packet, so we can see just how bad it will be," Lucy said, as she bravely placed her chair close to her sister's. "Oh, see that little girl!" she added, as with a frightful roar of falling water the lock filled and a child on the deck of the packet seized her mother and with tight-shut eyes and wide-open mouth made

herself stiff with shrieks that were seen but not heard. The Jennings children resolved to maintain a quiet dignity when their turn came.

The packet "made" the lock, and then the water roared, and the lock filled for the *Mary Ann.* She glided forward and the upper gates closed behind her. The lower gates slowly opened and down, down she sank. The stone sides of the lock dripped and shone; active men with long poles kept the boat free and steady and after a few anxious moments the *Mary Ann* glided out of the lock, and then other locks were "made." At last, when everybody had had quite enough, the *Mary Ann* entered a great pond or basin.

"Let's fish in this quiet place. There are boats and boats to get out of here before our turn comes," suggested Lucy who was somewhat shaken by her lock experience.

"Yes, and I will find the twine, and pins for hooks," Julia kindly responded. Soon the girls were fishing from neighboring windows of the cabin, and with this calming pastime they finished the afternoon.

That evening, when the girls were getting

ready for bed, Julia said, "Tell us, mother, what the people on deck were saying about Lafayette — we had to fish just then."

"Well, if you do not stop undressing —" assented the mother.

"We won't," said both girls.

"His blue landing is on our large platter," murmured Lucy, parenthetically.

"There, don't stir up Julia," said Mrs Jennings with a warning pause. Then she continued, "When Lafayette visited America, long years after he had helped us in the Revolutionary War, they gave him a rather unusual reception at Lockport. The canal was finished as far as Lockport, and they were blasting out the rocks for the locks. So they had a number of blasts all ready to touch off, and the sound of a great explosion and the sight of flying rocks greeted the general as he drove into the new settlement. Of course, Lafayette expressed great pleasure at the experience, but I think the Rochester surprise was more interesting.

"What was that?" asked Julia from above, for now the children were sitting on their shelves, wrapped into their long white gowns.

"At Rochester the canal is carried in an aqueduct over the Genesee River just above the falls. Lafayette coming from the West had taken the canal at Lockport. They reached Rochester early on the second morning and when the general was escorted on deck there they were, boat, canal, and all, over the roaring water. That was something to show a stranger!" the mother finished proudly.

"Oh, my! the same thing shall happen to us. But it will be so early — will you wake us, mother?" Julia begged.

"I cannot promise, but perhaps the roaring of the water will wake us all. There, cover up; I am going to put out the lamp — ugh, how it smokes!" and Mrs. Jennings opened the little window and waved a towel to hasten the airing of the alcove. The children were soon asleep, and great was their disappointment on waking to find that Rochester had been passed, and the roaring of the water had not wakened even their mother. Perhaps this was as well, for on the next night their dreams were much disturbed.

It was expected that Mosquito Swamp would be reached at early evening.

"Hartshorn wafted about will keep the mosquitoes away," said the large lady in brown very decidedly, as the ladies seated themselves in the cabin after dinner.

"I think you are quite mistaken. Camphor is far better," spoke up a lady in a checked traveling dress. The discussion that followed soon became so animated that Julia called the groups of ladies the "Hartshorns" and the "Camphors."

Soon after sunset the cabin windows were closed and the curtains closely drawn, and the *Mary Ann* entered the swamp. The mosquitoes arrived and settled the hartshorn-camphor question at once. Neither of these remedies was of the slightest use.

For three long hours the passengers battled in the hot little cabin. At the end of that time the mosquitoes left as suddenly as they had come, and merry was the laughter of everybody over everybody else, for not a passenger could boast of two open eyes and a nose unmarred.

"The 'Hartshorns' were right and the 'Camphors' were right — about each other," re-

marked Julia to her sister, and they had a little laugh all to themselves in the alcove.

"Quickly into your gowns; they will feel cool, and I'll hand up wet cloths," said Mrs. Jennings as she followed her daughters into the alcove, carrying a bowl of soda and water.

"They are some good," the sufferers reported after shifting the clothes about, and soon, with the burning somewhat lessened, they fell asleep.

After Mosquito Swamp was passed, towns became more frequent — towns that were seen in the distance and hours afterward were entered in triumph, the horses often trotting several rods. When the platform where the passengers were waiting was reached, a man with a coil of rope leaped ashore and wound the rope several times around a post to ease up the speed of the boat.

Sunday on the Canal

"WHY, it's Sunday! Listen to the bells. How still the boat is," said Lucy as she sat up in her berth and looked down at Julia, who was dressing below.

The New Passenger

"Yes, we are tied up until sunset, and it is the loveliest day. We are out in the country, and everybody but mother and the cook have gone into the town. Those are the Whitesboro bells," said Julia in cheeriest tones.

Lucy looked into the cabin and saw her mother sitting there alone reading.

"Why, mother, we were to go to church today," said Lucy.

"Yes, but I did not know that the boat would be so far from town. I'd rather have you stay quietly with me. But hurry, the cook has saved you a fine breakfast."

Quickly the girls were dressed in the blue delaine dresses which they liked so much, and then they hurried to the deck.

"We are tied to an elm tree, and there is a plank left for us to go ashore — see, Lucy!"

"And there are many elms in the meadows, and church bells far away. Oh, Julia, let's hurry."

The girls had stopped a moment on deck, but they now ran on to the dining room, where the cook was waiting breakfast for them.

When breakfast was over, Mrs. Jennings was ready to go ashore with the girls.

"Beautiful, beautiful, and so like Connecticut," said the mother, looking up into the far branches.

"It is Connecticut, and all three of us are little girls," said Julia, decidedly.

"You are little Harriet, mother, and very

delicate, and we must bring you flowers. You like those purple ones," suggested Lucy.

Yes, little Harriet liked flowers, and from the most inviting spots, and at noon the vigorous sisters brought lunch out from the boat and served it on a gentle slope.

In the afternoon the girls, all three, learned their Bible verses, and then the strong sisters gathered flowers to make the cabin beautiful for the returning churchgoers.

"We must go back now," said little Harriet, with a sigh, when the shadows of the elms had grown long. "Yes," answered Lucy. "Isn't it too bad?"

"The canal is a pink path to Whitesboro. Do you see, sisters?" said Harriet, pausing at the gangplank. Then she crossed the plank, and there were two sisters and a mother, who said she would arrange the flowers in the cabin, and the two sisters seated themselves on the deck to watch the return of the "captain bold," and the crew, and the passengers of the *Mary Ann.*

"See, Lucy, there is a new passenger,—that fashionable lady."

Lucy looked down the towpath and saw a lady approaching whose pink flounces rippled as she swayed from side to side.

"She has the Parisian sway we have heard about; and see, Julia, her black prunella slippers have black ribbons crossed the way Miss Button used to cross hers."

"I never saw a taller steeple top on a parasol, nor longer tabs to a cape. Why, Lucy, she looks like —"

At that moment the lady dropped the sway from Paris and, rushing across the gangplank, disappeared down the cabin stairs.

"The chambermaid!" exclaimed the girls.

"And just listen, Julia," said Lucy, going over to the stairway and looking into the cabin. "She's cross, for the first time, — cross."

"Come back and sit down. The captain is coming," said Julia in a large whisper. "Keep still so he will not send us below."

The brisk captain had almost overtaken the chambermaid on the towpath, but his approach had not been noticed. He at once took his stand at the gangplank, and vigorously scolded each returning man of the tardy crew.

The six-day boat was soon ready to continue her voyage. The captain shouted, "All aboard"; the long rope hissed through the water and came up taut in the way that always made the children fear that the poor staggering horses would be pulled back into the canal.

That night, when the boat passed through Utica, the household goods belonging to Mr. Jennings were unshipped and sent on to Clayville. The next morning, when the girls looked into the space under the deck to see if anything of theirs had been left, it gave them a homesick feeling to think how near they had been to father and yet had not seen him. "But soon we shall," they said.

"Good-by, *Mary Ann!*"

"MONDAY is wash day. What can we wash?" said Julia when they had returned to the alcove and she was looking at their discouragingly clean belongings.

"We might wash — wash. Ah! I know, our old rag dolls. Sarah put them in my bag for fun. We are too big to play with dolls, but this would be — sport." said Lucy, beginning to search the carpetbag.

The Old Rag Dolls

"Of course, and in the canal, with long cords around their necks," cried Julia.

This was inspiration, and very shortly Bridget, Julia's doll, and Bettie, Lucy's black doll,

named in honor of good Bettie of long ago, were making each her little curving ripple in New York's great highway of commerce.

The mistresses of Bridget and Bettie, seated on lockers at low wide windows, played their lines with much skill. After a time it seemed wise to pretend to have the dolls explore the bottom of the sea, and to accomplish this they were each weighted with a bag of marbles.

"This reminds me of Cousin Dol and his 'keeps,'" said Julia as her marbles went "chug" into the water.

"Yes, it did me — Oh! Bettie has found coral, but she does not care for that, she is tearing sponge off the rocks."

"Sharks!" shouted Julia, presently.

At this more dramatic suggestion the girls reeled in their cords with frantic haste. Lucy's cord caught on a snag, and the child just missed a danger so imminent that no more "sharks" threatened.

During dinner Bridget and Bettie dripped from a cabin window, but were pronounced still not clean, and only after several more

deep-sea explorations were they pronounced perfectly clean, and hung on hooks to dry.

Monday's wash was accomplished in level country, but the next day, when the great rocks at the village of Little Falls were reached, both girls were most willing to put play aside and sit quietly on deck. The towpath was cut like a shelf in an upright wall, and the canal was blasted out of the solid rock.

"See the ferns — and there are vines with leaves already turning bright! Oh, see, Lucy!" exclaimed Julia, pointing to a beautiful growth in the damp niches high above them, as the boat slipped into the dim quiet of the cut.

"I see them. Oh! Julia, when we are grown up, let's come here and wander about."

And so the children did, and with Ardelia Priest — but you do not know her yet.

The boat was making a long stop at Little Falls, and Mrs. Jennings was on deck with the children, when she suddenly exclaimed, "There comes my old friend, Mrs. Priest, and that must be Ardelia — father wrote to them surely!"

Julia and Lucy, looking as their mother's gesture directed, saw a tall lady waving a heavily

fringed parasol as she made her way through the crowd on the dock. The children, however, at once gave their attention to the little girl who followed the tall lady. They noticed that she was very stylishly dressed, and had a new and most becoming curve in the front of her bonnet.

"We'll have to be introduced," whispered Lucy.

But that ceremony was not so very trying, for Julia promptly said to the young visitor, "Come and see our clean dolls." Then, followed by Lucy, she disappeared down the cabin stairs, and Ardelia, quite understanding this skillful avoiding of ceremony, slipped by the mothers, and joined the girls in the cabin.

"See!" said Julia, holding up poor shrunken Bridget and Bettie.

"What has happened to them!" exclaimed Ardelia.

"Washed all wash day in the canal. This is Bridget; she was white. And this is Bettie; she was black," explained Julia.

"Oh, dear! they are so funny," said Ardelia, laughing and laughing until she had a side-

ache, for the poor dolls were not only shrunken into the strangest shapes — Bridget seemed to be dancing and Bettie having spasms of fright — but they even showed the varied colors of their rag stuffing.

All this made the children so well acquainted that when the captain called, "All aboard," Mrs. Priest called, "Ardelia" three times before the children heard her. The visitors gave good-by kisses, and then made a hasty run across the gangplank. The girls then called invitations and acceptances of invitations, until the towline hissed through the water and the boat had made its unwilling start.

"Now we must go and curve the front of our best bonnets," said Julia with decision as soon as Mrs. Priest and Ardelia were no longer in sight.

"Of course," said Lucy, and the sisters descended to the cabin, and each opened the bandbox that held her best bonnet, and bent the front into the new, becoming curve worn by Ardelia.

The day of Ardelia's visit proved to be one of unusual interest. Later that same afternoon, the girls were seated on deck, much absorbed in reading, when they were suddenly startled into

a series of gasping shrieks. Two feet struck the deck between them, and an active little man in black was beating the air to regain his balance. He had dropped to the boat as it passed under a bridge. Gaining his balance, the little man greeted the helmsman and the captain, and while holding the captain's hand, and still shaking it, he moved toward the stairway leading to the cabin.

"Mrs. Jennings!" suddenly exclaimed the new arrival as he rushed forward with extended hand. "Remember me? Good mercy! these young ladies are not your daughters! You remember Abel Brown? Here, this one — Julia must remember my coat. Hope I didn't startle you when I dropped down among the story books."

Of course, they all remembered the Reverend Abel Brown. At once he was talking earnestly with Mrs. Jennings telling her that his wife was in better health since his journeyings had been confined to safer waters. The name Fredonia led him to inquire about the three colored men to whom the children had so long ago carried such a vast amount to eat.

"Then they did get to Canada!" Mr. Brown exclaimed. "I helped to get them started," he added with much satisfaction.

The abolitionist entertained every one at dinner, although he was much too positive for good manners when a gentleman ventured to differ with him on the slavery question. And when the same gentleman raised the question as to possible war with Mexico, should Polk be elected, the ladies decided to withdraw to the deck with their jumbles and tea.

Mr. Brown remained below in warm discussion until the next town was reached, when he appeared on deck, and after a hearty handshake with his old friends, he jumped ashore. In a moment he had taken his place on a barrel, and announced that a free lecture would be given at once on "Why I vote for Birney."

As the boat moved on its even way the old friends standing on deck looked back and saw a crowd rapidly collect, and Mr. Brown's energetic action could be seen, although his earnest voice no longer reached them.

For some days it seemed to Julia and Lucy that they had always lived on the canal boat

and always should. It was only when their mother began putting garments not to be used again into the bottom of the carpetbags, that they began to realize that their long journey was nearly over.

"Had we better pack our things now?" asked Julia.

"To-morrow morning will be plenty of time. Besides, you will need a number of your things again," her mother suggested.

But, no, Julia was a young lady of decision, and spent two hours in packing. Then, hot and tired, she went on deck. The afternoon seemed very long.

"Let's read," said Lucy.

"No, the books are at the very bottom —"

"Let's —"

"No, the workboxes are packed — if sewing is what you are thinking of."

Sunset in the beautiful Mohawk Valley did, however, bring some solace to the discontented idlers, and Mrs. Jennings suggested an early bedtime, which was considered with favor.

"Unless Julia has packed our berths," Lucy murmured.

"No, only our nightgowns," said Julia, who had reached a humble frame of mind.

The next day the *Mary Ann* reached Schenectady. Betimes the children had climbed from their shelves and attired themselves in their pink gingham dresses and their widest, stiffest pantalettes. Fully an hour before their arrival at Schenectady, they had on their dimity capes, very stiff also, and their bonnets with the curves in front. At last the boat bumped against the masonry at the foot of State Street bridge, and the aunts and cousins, who had been waiting on the bridge, came running down the steps to meet them. How pleasant it all was! The children insisted on carrying bags much too heavy for them as they staggered ashore on their sea legs.

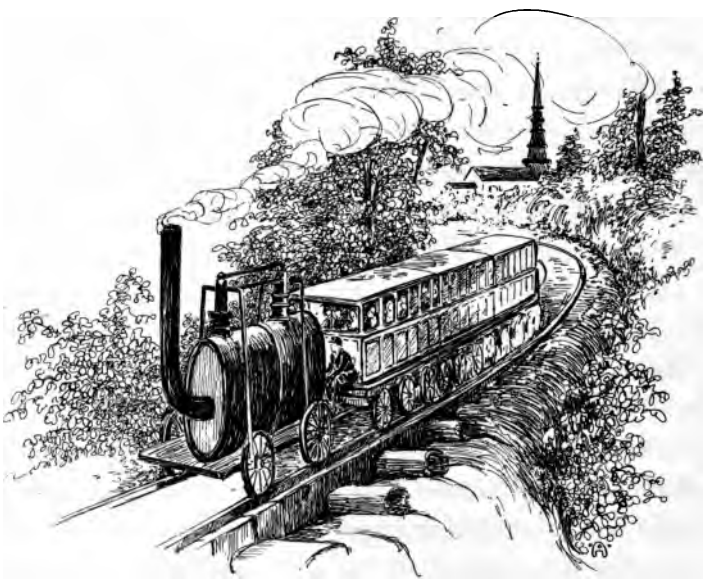
The captain standing at the bow of the boat waved his hat to the party on shore, and the cook put a smiling face out of a little window and waved a wooden spoon.

"Good-by!" called the captain, the crew, and the cook.

Julia and Lucy waved their hands, and called, "Good-by, everybody, and good-by, *Mary Ann!*"

The First Ride on Steam Cars

"At last!" said Julia, as the steam cars moved out of the depot, and the Schenectady visit



The Steam Cars

came to an end. "But, oh, dear, things go, and we do not," she added as she stared out of the

little window and saw "things" moving in the November rain.

Lucy was staring out of the opposite window, but Mrs. Jennings had begun a prompt rummaging of her handbag. Just then something seemed to strike their heads. Darkness and a terrible clattering sound lasted an instant, and then they emerged into light.

"A covered bridge over the canal," explained Mrs. Jennings.

"Then why didn't some one call 'Bridge'?" said Julia, irritably, as she still held her head.

The country was soon reached, and at once the trees began circling in a bewildering way around some moving center, which produced a sensation so unpleasant that the children were advised not to look out of the window, and they wisely gave attention to matters within.

Their mother was spreading her handkerchief over her bonnet ties and murmuring, "Oh, for the quiet, clean, safe canal!"

Our travelers were fortunate in having a compartment to themselves, and had taken their places on the hard leather-covered seats that faced the engine, putting their carpetbags on

the seats opposite. In each compartment four straight-backed seats furnished room for eight persons.

The inspection of these arrangements had lasted a few moments, when their mother suddenly said, "I smell something burning!" and reaching over Lucy, she pulled the child's delaine dress away from the hot stovepipe which extended through the center of the car a few inches from the floor, separating the seats into pairs and connecting the compartments climatically, so to speak.

"Oh, dear, see the great scorched place!" exclaimed Lucy. Sure enough the poor child had a brown patch as large as your hand on her best dress.

Just as the children were getting their belongings to a safe distance from the pipe, the collector dropped down the window and let in a flurry of rain. "Fares, please," he said.

The collector was holding to a rail above his head, and as he made change with one hand, he dripped rivulets of water into the compartment from his rubber coat and from the visor of his rubber cap.

"What can he be standing on!" thought Lucy, who in the excitement of boarding a steam car had not noticed the little step that ran along on either side of the car.

"Oh, mother, you forgot to ask the collector to let the fire go down. They must surely be too warm in the end compartment, for we are melting — the stove is next to their compartment," said Julia, who found her steam car experience not without its discomfort.

"Try and let down the window, Lucy. No, the one away from the rain," Mrs. Jennings responded at once.

Lucy, after satisfying herself as to the collector's footing, with much difficulty pulled the lower edge of the window forward and dropped it down. At once it was found that they would all take cold in such a blast of damp air, and also it was found to be perfectly impossible to get the window out of the casing.

"Well, we must wait until the collector passes. Put on your capes," said Mrs. Jennings, patiently.

Incidents on the Cars

AFTER the next trip of the collector, who pulled the window up, and had his injured feelings soothed by many thanks — he seemed hurt that any one should suffer on his cars — Mrs. Jennings closed her eyes wearily. Her rest, however, was but brief, for in a moment Julia pulled her dress saying in a mortified tone, "Just look at Lucy!"

Lucy's Indiscretion

"Why, Lucy Jennings, get down at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Jennings, for there was Lucy

on her knees in the seat with her eye close to the tiny window that permitted a view of the travelers in the next compartment.

"They are not looking at me. They are all eating oranges. One girl is my size," responded Lucy, unwillingly removing her eyes from the peephole. "May we have oranges?" she added, slipping down into her seat.

"No, they are sixpence apiece. Besides you would ruin your bonnet ties," the prudent mother replied.

"The girl in there did ruin hers," Lucy whispered in consolation to her sister, as she braced herself to meet the jerk that came when the cars stopped at a small depot.

After the cars started again, Julia began to practice looking, in hopes to acquire a method that would make a landscape of circling trees become altogether pleasant to contemplate. Suddenly she caught sight of the canal, stared a moment, then shouted:

"Lucy, come to this side, quick! There is the *Mary Ann!*"

Lucy in great excitement, but careful not to fall over the stovepipe, made her way across the

compartment and safely reached the window. Looking back she saw the good *Mary Ann* in the distance seemingly standing still, although her horses were straining forward on the wet, slippery towpath.

"What a grand *pelisse* the chambermaid must be wearing to church on Sundays — yes, and likely she has a pair of new gums [rubber overshoes] with fur about the ankles," exclaimed Julia, and Lucy at the same time chimed in —

"And Mr. Brown! I wonder if he lectures on the towpath in such weather. There, mother, we have left the poor *Mary Ann* way back there in the rain."

The children turned and looked at their mother, and she answered their look.

"Well, yes, I suppose the steam cars are better. We had breakfast in Schenectady, and I can hardly realize that we are to have dinner with father in Utica, — and very soon now."

They all smiled brightly.

Clayville

THE dinner at Utica was very gay. The father, usually so silent, talked, even chat-

The Coach to Clayville

tered, most of the time and called his daughters "the girls" — although it had always previously been "the children." He looked in an amused

way at their stumpy braids, but said nothing more about "shingles."

In the middle of the afternoon the rain was still pouring down when the stage came around to the tavern door to pick up passengers for Clayville. Then soon the Jennings family were promptly disposed in its dingy interior, so strongly odorous of leather and of the straw so thickly spread under foot. For a time the presence of fellow travelers compelled a silence on family matters, but as dusk came on, having the stage to themselves, more visiting was enjoyed, until out of the gray curtain of rain burst a wagonload of men, shouting as they passed, "Hurrah for the majority!"

"That settles it; the Democrats have it; Polk is elected," said Mr. Jennings, recognizing the men. During the remainder of the journey he chattered no more, and answered questions but briefly.

The girls had almost forgotten, in the press of pleasant happenings, the excitement of their summer in Fredonia when they had hurrahed so loyally for Henry Clay.

Recalling this, Julia whispered with fervor

in her sister's ear, "Thank goodness we are not where the Democrat girls can crow over us now!"

"Thank goodness, indeed! And this time Sarah did not expect Birney to be elected, so they will not crow over her," Lucy whispered back.

Soon after the meeting with the rejoicing Democrats, Clayville was reached. The stage clattered across a bridge, and followed a road which curved around some abrupt hills. Candles were just showing yellow heads that faintly colored the mist about the windows of cottages that lined up across the stream. A large unlighted building stood between the road and the invisible, rushing water.

"The mills. The Millard scythe factory is farther on," explained Mr. Jennings. "And here we are at home," he added in a cheery voice as the stage drew up before a little house that stood close under a hill.

Mill Hours

In spite of the fact that their father had been the smiling, welcoming host, and that their mother had said that the house was already comfortable, and could easily be made pretty, the girls, when they were in their own room, agreed that the new life had begun in a somewhat depressing way.

Still sleep was good. But scarcely had they enjoyed this blessing for one hour, it seemed, when they were rudely wakened by the clanging of a bell which from the mill pushed into every house the warning, "A quarter to five, and work begins at five!"

Julia sat up in bed and looked down at Lucy who with tightly shut eyes was trying to get her pillow over both ears.

"It's no use trying to go to sleep again, Luce, we are to keep mill hours," Julia said, and she mercilessly flung the covers over the footboard as she jumped out of bed. She went

to the window and drew aside the curtain. It was starlight, and she saw dim forms moving toward the mill, which showed window after window as some one went about lighting the lamps.

"Go on, I must see the super," Julia heard a man call, and at that moment her father, opening the front door, responded, "Here he is," and he joined the man who was waiting for him at the gate.

Julia dropped the curtain, and by the light of a sputtering candle she and Lucy made much haste to get into their dark gingham dresses.

"Hear those girls having such fun out there in the dark. Perhaps we will not mind mill hours after a little — oh, please button this button!" said Lucy as she straightened herself after futile contortions to reach an impossible button in the middle of her back.

The girls exchanged the courtesies of the middle button, and then, Julia holding the candle with care, they made their way down the steep back stairs.

In the kitchen Mrs. Jennings was looking with satisfaction at the many good things that

the neighbors had sent in to start them in their new housekeeping. She decided that, as there was only the broiling of the steak, and the coffee to be made for breakfast, the girls might "begin on the house" during the hour and a half before the mill world's three quarters of an hour for breakfast.

"Wouldn't it be well to leave some trifles to be done by daylight," murmured Julia, who was beginning to say things in a way her sister thought to be very old and clever. But her mother seemed never to hear these murmurs.

At the next ringing of the mill bell Julia and Lucy went to the front window to see the girls leaving the mill — a goodly sight!

Some of the girls were daughters of the Englishmen who had learned cloth making in England, and who held the best places in the mill. These girls often attended two looms, and earned two dollars a day. Other young women were from the farms about, and believed it wise to earn money for a few years before becoming mistresses of other farms.

"Hear!" exclaimed Lucy as a young woman, who had stopped before the gate and opened a

music book, began singing in a full, low voice. "She sings that well!"

"Yes, your father says that the English people learned that sort of music in the church choirs at home, and that they teach their children," said Mrs. Jennings, who had joined the girls at the window. "When the new church is built, there will be no trouble about the music — There comes your father! See that the table is ready."

Mr. Jennings enjoyed his first breakfast at home very much; but just as he had finished, a young woman with a shawl over her head came to the back door and asked to see the "super." A stern look came into the superintendent's eyes, and he left the table at once, and putting on his coat and hat, went away with the woman.

The girls asked no questions, knowing that their father talked over the affairs of the mill people with no one; but a few days later a neighbor of the woman who had asked the superintendent's help told Mrs. Jennings the story.

Mike Casey had locked his wife out of the house, and baby Mike was inside with his

intoxicated father. When the superintendent came, Mike threw open the door and stood with clenched fists glaring at him savagely. The superintendent never looked at Mike, but brushed past him and entered the living room.

Baby Mike

"Tuper, tuper," sang out the gayest little voice as Mr. Jennings crossed the room, and baby Mike sat up in his crib and held out his arms to the superintendent.

The superintendent, laughing like a boy, took little Mike into his arms. Then he turned to big Mike who set down a chair for his guest with great suddenness — a chair that he seemed to have been holding aloft.

"Thank you," said the superintendent, and both men laughed, while little Mike crowed and squirmed in babyish delight.

But to finish the story in the neighbor's words:

"When the super got a good ready, he stopped

playing with that baby. He told Mike that at the next offense he must leave town, and that his debts must all be paid by Saturday night, and that he must be in the mill that very afternoon. Now Mike says he will smash the head of any man who says a word against the super. That's Mike."

"But how can father say that a man must leave the town?" asked Julia, when her mother repeated the story.

"The mill owners built all the renting cottages, but what is of more effect is that the best men in the mill stand by your father. The law seems to be what the people really want," her mother answered.

"He doesn't talk much or pet anybody, but he knows a good piece of work, and he is not afraid to praise the man who does it," the head of the spinning room was wont to say of the super. These facts had their effect in enlisting the support of the "best men." Still, naturally enough, perhaps, it was the requiring of mill hours in his own family that had more than anything else to do with a willing submission to the superintendent's requirements in the

mill and with the good will that the mill people at once accorded his family.

It was a few days after the affair with Mike, that, just at bedtime, a young woman with a tremble in her voice came to ask if Mrs. Jennings knew anything about croup.

"My little Susie is breathing strangely," she said.

"You go right back and spread a plaster with lard and turpentine for her throat and lungs. I shall be right over with medicine. My children have outgrown croup, but I keep a croup medicine which always works," said Mrs. Jennings, with good cheer in her voice.

It was nearly two o'clock when she returned, and the girls heard her say in answer to an inquiry from their father that little Susie was breathing naturally.

And so, with receiving and giving, the little winter-bound village soon held many interests for the newcomers, and long before spring the superintendent's family felt that they had, indeed, a new home.

A Memorable Holiday

"If those rich people in Philadelphia wish to build a church in Clayville, why should it be an Episcopal church when there are fewer Episcopalians than any other denomination?" asked the head of the cleaning and drying room as he and the superintendent were hurrying to the mill one spring morning.

Out for the Holiday

"No other sort of church has been offered us," replied the superintendent. "A number of

us can give up our preferences. The others, our English hands, you know, cannot change. Your girls had better sing in the choir; mine are going to." He passed into the finishing room, leaving the head of the upper floor to think the matter over.

This he did with such effect that he tried to convince his wife at dinner that she had been unwise in her opposition to the new church.

"I see," said the mother, "if it's just a fit for these big English, it will set easy on us all, and our girls will learn to sing."

However, as the beautiful little stone church grew, it made friends for itself. When the organ was in place, a young man of the village began to take organ lessons in Utica in special preparation for the music when the church should be consecrated, and the other young people began practicing singing under a fine chorister. The older people often found time of an evening to walk past the church when their children were singing within.

But the head of the weaving room took quite a different view of all this enthusiasm.

"Now drop chants and anthems, and what

you are going to wear. You girls haven't had sense enough to run a rag-carpet loom since the stained-glass window was set," said the much-tried weaver as the girls came chattering into the mill on the day before the church was to be consecrated.

The day of the consecration was a holiday in the mills and factories about Clayville. Quite an hour before the services began the Jennings girls, attired in new white jaconet muslins, seated themselves on the veranda to watch the passing of carriage loads of visitors and of the mill people coming out in holiday attire.

The English families were among the first passers. The men, on dress occasions always wore the suits they had brought from England, and their pantaloons were so tight, and their waistcoats so spreading that they suggested very solemn but robust frogs. Their wives wore changeable silks — pink and violet were favorite combinations. In winter they wore cloaks of rich velvet and bonnets with plumes; but on this particular holiday their long shawls and leghorn bonnet were suitable.

And very indignant was Mrs. Baldwin be-

cause her daughters wanted to wear muslins to the service, like American girls.

"Indeed, they shall wear their mother's gowns," she said. "Every one of them must wear the best of silk — else how can anybody tell that their people ever did 'ave anything."

One of these good women, of less determined character, paused at the gate on the morning of the consecration to say to Mrs. Jennings, "Do you see my girl, there, in a flimsy cotton gown, going to a service conducted by a bishop?"

"Of course, with you it is different," she continued, becoming conscious of the white muslin dresses worn by the superintendent's daughters. "Everything must be new. Americans make patchwork of their grandmothers' best silk gowns;" and the good woman, with flushed face, hurried along, panting, after her Americanized daughter.

The Russian dyer, so large and dark, next passed, escorting his slender blonde wife, and both bowed to the girls with polite reserve. An unusual man was the dyer; his processes were never inspected by visitors, and it was whispered that he had spied for the Russian govern-

ment in English factories and had there learned the secret of producing the most beautiful colors. The girls always believed that the Russian wife, who was highly educated, was a lady of rank who had eloped with the dyer.

The girls next noticed that the bishop's carriage was waiting in front of the new Hollister House; and soon the most gracious Bishop DeLancy was descending the steps and talking familiarly with the men of the village who were officers in the church. The girls could see their father as he stood in the sunshine, taller than most about him. As others of the group passed on, he waited for his wife and daughters to join him, and presently they were all together moving toward the little church.

Welcome to Henry Clay

It was on a beautiful morning in September that Henry Clay, with a brilliant escort, was driven out of Utica to visit the nearer villages in the beautiful Sequoit Valley.

Henry Clay and the Umbrella

Bells on the churches and mills rang, cannon roared, and factory girls sang greetings at every busy center. Little children shouted, fully believing that the slender, old man, who smiled as though he saw each particular one of them,

had by some gracious act permitted the existence of the mills that brought the father wages.

A delegation from Clayville went to the next town to escort the great statesman to the village, which, bearing his name, they fondly believed was nearest to the great man's heart.

An hour before the banners of the Clayville escort appeared around the hill, some of the mill hands were already in line, while others were lounging near the place where they expected to form in marching order.

There was much hilarity and guying. The serious expression on the face of one man was interpreted as jealousy that a greater orator than he had come.

For this man, when he found his work monotonous, had amused himself by addressing political speeches to the "governor" [1] of the engine, urging a most partisan policy on that upright and impartial bit of mechanism. The "governor," however, had turned about with a most aggravating indifference, though the orator

[1] A small steam engine to supplement the water power had recently been set up. The governor is a device which regulates the admission of steam to the engine.

stoutly asserted that when the words of Henry Clay were hurled at him, he lowered his clinched and brassy fists.

"The governor is all fists and no head, like Mike Casey over there," ventured one of the men, as Mike was shouting, "Clay, Clay, come on, me man." Wisely, the remark was not repeated.

The spinners stood next to Mike — two sober, self-respecting men who knew well that their places in the mill would be hard to fill. These men were enjoying the noise and good company very much, for on working days the two wrought silently in the spinning room, where, with closest attention to every thread, they moved back and forth with the carriages of two mule jenneys.

The head of the weaving room, however, stood alone and as far away as possible from the merry girls who daily tried his patience so severely. Quiet and a pipe was his notion of a holiday.

"The head of the weaving room should have the wisdom of a serpent and the temper of a dove," said the weaver as he glanced disapprovingly at the girls in white.

The Irishman would perhaps have gone too far in joking the Englishman, but just at the critical moment, a little one-horse wagon driven by a sober-faced man appeared. The horse, the wagon, the barrel at the back of the wagon, the cloth over the barrel, the man's clothing, were all of a dull yellow brown. This was Mr. Babbitt taking his accustomed supply of soft soap to the mill.

Babbitt's Soap Wagon

The soap was made in a little building at no great distance from the factory, and a number of other mills were supplied from the same source. The owner of this one-man soap-making outfit — the founder of a great industry — was said never to speak unless a "Thank you"

was needed. The silent superintendent understood the silent man who had the reputation of making the finest fulling soap in the country. "Make no mistake about that man," he said. "He has brains. When he can supply his round of mills no longer, he will consolidate, and we shall have to go to him."

"He doesn't know it's a holiday," some one called when Mr. Babbitt appeared. "And oh, Mr. Soapy —"

But whatever wit was to have entertained the crowd was never known; for at that moment a great shout arose, "Our banner! He's coming!"

It was just noon. A cannon on the hill overlooking the town called out the welcoming echoes from all the hills about.

The procession crossed the bridge near the woolen mill. Mr. Clay removed his hat as he passed the line of cheering workmen and smiled most kindly on the weaving-room girls. When the church was reached, Mr. Clay was invited to hear the national airs played on the new organ, and many citizens were presented to him as he returned to his carriage.

Meanwhile, the men in front of the mill

broke ranks, and, procuring the drag rope from the fire engine, attached it to Mr. Clay's carriage. After the presentations were ended, the carriage was drawn by the mill men, amid the wildest cheering, to the residence of Mr. Millard, the owner of the scythe factory, where Mr. Clay and his party were to take luncheon.

Just before the carriage reached Mr. Jennings's, a few drops of rain fell and there was a call, "An umbrella for Mr. Clay!" Mr. Jennings ran into the house demanding his best umbrella. In a moment he reappeared, and, raising the umbrella, handed it to one of the mill owners who was seated in the carriage with Mr. Clay.

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Jennings; you have, of course, been presented to Mr. Clay?" said the gentleman. "Our superintendent believes in protection, you see, Mr. Clay," he added as he held the umbrella over the august head.

The superintendent looked at Mr. Clay with affection, but thought sadly as he watched the carriage pass around the spur of the hill, "To be Henry Clay yet never to be president — never!"

The New Shawls

One bright May morning when the Jennings family were assembled at breakfast, Lucy pinched Julia and whispered, "Ask now. You said you would this very day." Julia was now sixteen and her sister was two years younger.

The New Shawls

Thus urged, Julia bravely began. "Father, many of the girls have dove-colored cashmere shawls, and as you are going to Utica to-day, we thought that perhaps you would get dove-colored shawls for us."

The girls looked at their father's face and felt

a little hopeful — he seemed interested. There was a pause and Mr. Jennings said, "Did you really think so?"

Now do not for a moment suppose that this was the first of the shawls. No, for a month the girls had contrived that their father should overhear shawl talk until he had learned about all that could be known on the subject of dove-colored cashmere shawls. And now the daughters knew that it was either shawls that evening, or there would be no use of ever saying anything more on the subject.

All day the girls were hopeful, though each warned the other not to be too hopeful. At evening their father had not returned, and so, at an early bedtime, tired out, they went up to their little room. They lighted a candle and solemnly laid on the bed their dresses that looked best with dove color.

"It can do no harm; let's put on the dresses," said Lucy, trying to look dismal. The suggestion was carried out, and scarcely had they "hooked each other in" when the heavy roll of the factory wagon was heard.

"Quick, oh, quick, Julia, pull up the curtain so father can see that we are awake."

The teamster shouted "whoa," and the wagon stopped at the gate. There was certainly a delay as things were brought into the house, but this was always so. The front door opened and there was a moving about below — it lasted so long!

"Girls, come downstairs," the mother called. The girls simply flew down the stairs. Yes, on the table were two white, oblong boxes, and mother indicated which was for Julia, for in those days, parents never bought for the younger children gifts as valuable as for the elder.

The girls opened the boxes, laid back the folds of tissue paper, and then stood with clasped hands. Dove-colored cashmere shawls! No, no, the shawls were China crêpe, white like calla lilies, embroidered, and with long, heavy fringe.

"The dove-colored ones would disgrace our dyehouse," said their father. "Another candle! Put on some pretty dresses so we can see how they look — Oh, you already have them on," he added dryly.

With a raised candle in the hand of each, the parents inspected the maidens. Julia and Lucy turned their heads this way and that — heads now beautiful with braids — braids at the back, braids at the sides, braids making a wide shelter to pink ears. The father caught the mother's beaming eyes and both lowered their candles.

"Well, well, don't be foolish. Now go to bed!" said the mother quite severely, and the girls, understanding, bowed, and waved their hands toward the guilty pair as they passed into the hall.

"They will be young but once," said Mrs. Jennings, as the door closed upon her happy daughters.

"Come back, you have forgotten the boxes," called their father; and he carried the boxes upstairs himself.

Later, when the shawls were for the third time replaced in their white wrappings, Lucy said, "Julia, now we are so old, I do not think you ought to have things a little better than I."

"Yes, I ought," said Julia, decidedly, "I am the older. Then haven't I always looked out for you when people were mean, and haven't I

talked when you were too bashful? To-morrow one of the mill owners will be here to dinner and bring a young gentleman with him, a young man who is studying law, and his name is Roscoe Conkling. He is very handsome, and everybody is talking about him. Now which would you rather do, talk with Mr. Conkling or help mother with the desert?"

"Help, I suppose," said Lucy, faintly. Then, to prevent further discussion of her youth, she hurried to talk of other things. Later, when the lights were out, a lonely feeling came over her because her sister was getting to be a young lady, and she was still only a little girl.

"The Very Best Broadcloth"

NOT many days after the dinner at which Julia talked with the young gentleman, the sisters were chatting together while they dusted and arranged the little parlor.

Presently a rush of wheels brought the girls to the window, and they saw Mr. Hollister, whose home was in Utica, driving past very rapidly in a light, one-seated carriage.

"What is it he is waving — he is waving to father!" cried Lucy. The girls ran out into the yard just in time to see Mr. Hollister pull up at the sidewalk, and Mr. Jennings, almost pale, reach out for a large envelope.

"We are proud of our super! We are proud of our super!" the girls heard the mill owner say as he shook hands with Mr. Jennings, and then the two men drove off together to the mill.

In a few minutes cousin Dol came running from the mill — cousin Dol now a slender youth.

He had never made his famous hunting trip to the far West, but had bravely enough left the pleasant life at College Hill School (Poughkeepsie) to spend a winter in the study of mill supervision with his uncle.

"Oh, what is it, Dol?" called the girls.

"Didn't you guess what we were working for! The Clayville Mills have taken a premium on broadcloth — in England! The super did it — mostly."

"You all helped," said Mrs. Jennings, who had just stepped to the door. She stood looking at the mill as though to thank each particular worker there.

In about an hour Mr. Jennings came in and seated himself at the dinner table. He avoided inquiring eyes and said nothing about the premium. He served everybody to potatoes and to nothing else.

"How calm he is," murmured cousin Dol.

Then the superintendent burst into a merry laugh, and his tongue being loosed, he talked of his long struggle to make the best — the very best broadcloth — and Dol listened as a boy will when a man tells how a battle was won.

The Debt is Paid

A FEW weeks after the premium on broadcloth was received, Lucy was setting the table for supper and thinking of matters quite apart from her work. Her mother came in from the kitchen, and, at a question asked by her second daughter, retreated with a face much flushed, "Nonsense, child, how should I remember," she called back.

Mother when Father first saw Her

This was the question, "Mother, how were you dressed when father first saw you?"

Julia, who was arranging some flowers in the parlor, heard her mother's reply. She put a merry face in at the dining room door and said, "She will tell us after a little, you'll see." And so she did, and on the very next day.

The girls were sitting in their little upstairs room, trying to finish their new summer dresses

before the sun dropped behind the hills, when their mother came in to inspect the stitching of the darts. The stitching was pronounced satisfactory, but the mother lingered, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Well, I suppose you will have to know," she began. The girls, who were pulling out basting threads, stopped their work and gazed at their mother.

"I came up from New York to visit in Ballston, and met your father there. I was going out to walk with a young lady, and he was coming up from a ravine, just leaving his mill. It was summer; it was toward evening; we were introduced. I wore a black silk dress with a waist just under my arms, and cut a little low in the neck. My dress was very scant in the skirts, and short, and I had on black slippers." The mother paused, and her daughters waited.

"My hat was leghorn, very large, and had three large ostrich plumes set up a little — Harvey, your father, let me see — I had elbow sleeves, and black mitts, and I carried a black silk bag over my arm, and the bag drew up with a cord and held my handkerchief — you

must be very silly girls to want to know all this."

The silly ones sat and looked out at the sunset light on the trees and said nothing.

"I didn't come in just to tell you this, but to speak of something of more importance. You have been to school very little here in Clayville —"

"We have been to school whenever there was one fit to go to," interrupted Julia in defiant tones.

"Yes, I know," said her mother, ignoring her daughter's bad manners, "but you should have something better than Clayville can give." Julia dropped her defiant look, and both girls held their breath — were they really to go away to school?

"We have decided that next year Julia is to go away to school —"

"And I am not, because I am younger. This is different from helping to entertain. I can study, if I cannot talk," burst out Lucy.

Mother went on calmly, "And Lucy is to study music with the teacher who comes out from Utica."

Lucy leaned forward and put her hands on imaginary "cold, white keys" as she had done so many times when alone. "I am not to have a piano?" she asked faintly.

"Yes — but just a hired one at first." At this Lucy shot across the room and buried her head in her pillow, and her mother, leaving the room in an embarrassed sort of way, went downstairs.

All was quiet in the girls' room for a little while, and then their mother heard a perfect downpour of talking. After a time, having an errand upstairs, Mrs. Jennings passed the girls' door and saw two faces so serious that she went into their room.

"Mother," said Julia, "we have been having so many things lately, the solid, four-tined forks and the shawls, that we thought perhaps we ought to wait a little —" Julia hesitated. Her mother crossed the room, and putting the muslin curtains aside, looked thoughtfully out. She saw her husband walking slowly toward the mill, and she waited a moment before she spoke.

"Yes, we may have these things now," she said, "for the debt is paid."

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